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Glen Alden Corporation Executive Offices: 1740 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

# TIME LISTINGS

# TELEVISION Wednesday, February 12

SINGER PRESENTS THE BEAT OF THE BRASS (NBC, 9-10 p.m.).<sup>9</sup> Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass tootle through the U.S., stopping in such places as Ellis Island, New Orleans during Mardi Gras, and the children's zoo in Los Angeles. Repeat.

Thursday, February 13
NET PLAYHOUSE (NET, 8-9:30 p.m.). John Hopkins' quartet of dramas, Talking to a Stranger, examines a weekend in the life of the Stephens family. Each of the plays tells the story from the viewpoint of a different member of the family. First to be aired will be the daughter's version: Anytime You're Ready I'll Sparke.

Friday, February 14
FRIDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.).
Kim Novak begins a thesis on sex, and
Tony Randall, James Garner and Howard
Duff turn up on her index cards in Boys'
Night Out (1962).

Saturday, February 15
FISHERMAN'S WORLD (CBS, 5-6 p.m.). Celebrities Gypsy Rose Lee, John Gary and Sam Snead are among the aficionados who set out with hook, lure and spear to

capture the finny ones.

WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30
p.m.). North American Figure Skating
Championships from Oakland, Calif., team
up with the World Figure "8" Stock Car

Thrill Race from Islip, N.Y.
FERIN GROOV AT MARINE WORLD (ABC,
730-8 p.m.). Bing Crosby and his wife
Kathryn sing and swing their way through
ABC's 60-acre Marine World complex,
meeting Anissa ("Buffy") Jones and the
Rascals along the way.

Sunday, February 16
PHOENIX OPEN (ABC, 5-7 p.m.). By the time TV gets there, they'll be on the last round of the \$100,000 golf tourney at the Arizona Country Club.

CHILDREN'S LETTERS TO GOD (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Gene Kelly hosts the live action-animated special that explores youngsters letters and their thoughts about creation, human relations, animals and love. HIGHLIGHTS OF THE LCE CAPADES OF 1969

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE ICE CAPADES OF 1969 (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Jack Jones, Nancy Sinatra and Louis Nye add spice and variety to a collection of the skating troupe's silver moments.

Monday, February 17

NET JOURNAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). "The Battered Child" is a documentary on the maltreated child and his abusive parents.
CHRYSER PRESENTS THE BOB HOPE COMEDY SPECIAL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Diana Ross and

the Supremes are on the guest list.

JACK BENNY'S BIRTHDAY SPECIAL (NBC, 10-1)
p.m.). The eternal 39-year-old celebrates, with help from Lucille Ball, Dan Blocker, Lawrence Welk, Dennis Day, Ann-

Margret and Singer Rouvanun.

Tuesday, February 18
THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY SPECIAL (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). An expedition
by Land Rover and on foot explores "Australia—the Timeless Land" showing the

contrasts between the modern coastal cities and the primitive Outback, and peering into the future of the continent that may be the last frontier.

# THEATER

On Broadway

CELEBRATION, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the co-creators of The Fantasticks, is a charmer for sophisticates who of childhood. Potentkin, a master of ceremonies winningly played by Keith Charles, presides over a land of encharment propersides over a land of encharment perfect of the property of the property of fallen Angel, a bored and impotent Mr. Rich, and a group of Revelers. With a straight melodic line and the apt lyrics of thinse that core in multipack losse good thinse that core in multipack losse good

HADRIAN VII is a dramatization of Frederick William Rolfe's novel, Hadrian the Seventh. Playwright Peter Luke makes Rolfe the hero of his own story; he is a misfit who, after beim grejected twice for the priesthood, develops the fantasy that he becomes Pope. In a performance that is a paradigm of the elegant best in English acting style, Alec McCowen evokes a sense of pity and affection for Rolf.

PROMISES, PROMISES is a musical to remember other musicals by. No playgoer will feel bilked if he attends the show, nor will he miss a thing if he skips it. Jerry Orbach as the self-abasing anti-hero and Marian Mercer as an amorous pickup turn in the best performances.

FORT CARATS is precisely the sort of show that people always say they want to see in order to forget the trials and tribulations of the day. The comedy stars Julie Harris as a half-smitten, half-reluctant lady ardently wood by Marco St. John, a handsome lad almost half her age.

is lucky to have Dustin Hoffman's ingratiating stage personality wo king for him in this play—which is somewhat like a book from which the text has been excised and only the footnotes published.

# Off Broadway

TANGO, by Polish Playwright Slawomir Mrozek, has David Marguilles as a young man eager to exercise the sacred right of youth to rebel; but he finds that his totally permissive home life leaves him nothing to rebel against. Despite stilled direction and a somewhat awkward transtation, the play is one of those rare and engrossing dramas that pay an evening transmit hat pay at the control of the property of the pr

Jules Feiffer's first full-length play. Though it still seems a series of animated cartoons spliced together, Director Alan Arkin

gives it a breath-catchingly funny air, a surrealistic style, and an incredibly fast pace. TO BE YOUNG, GIFED AND BIACK. In a moving tribute to Negro Playwright Lorraine Hansberry, an able interracial cast presents sketches from her writings that thread an elegiac mood through the range of comedy, rage and introspection.

DAMES AT SEA. Bernadette Peters, aided by an engaging cast, is naive little Ruby, who comes to the Broadway "jungle" determined to "tap her way to stardom" in this friendly parody of the movie musicals of the '30s.

CINEMA

RED BEARD, the most recent film by the air a lapanese director Akira Kurosawa, is a morality play about the spiritual growth of a young doctor. Kurosawa is technically without peer, and such actors as Toshiro Mifune help him to achieve almost overwhelming emotional force.

GRAZIE ZIA is a flashy first film by young (25) Italian Film Maker Salvatore Samperi. His theme is moral and spiritual decadence, and his style is already accomplished, but the film is too repetitious and vague to be entirely satisfying.

THE SHAME. Ingmar Bergman examines war and the artistic conscience in his 29th film. The visual imagery is brilliantly desolate, and the performances—by Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand and Liv Ullman—are orchestrated with precision. THE FIKER, "I am a man who, although

Cilimar—are correstrates with pelession.

THE FYRE, 'I am a man who, although not much, is still much more than rothing the control of the co

FACES. The purgatory of modern, middleaged marriage is depicted by Writer-Director John Cassavetes with an obsessive eye for surface realism. His film has an air of honesty, but his characters are so preoccupied with themselves that they leave little room for audience empathy.

THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S. Good humor and excellent performances abound in this affectionate tribute to the raunchy days of oldtime burlesque. As a seedy song and dance man, Jason Robards wears a straw boater as naturally as John Wayne wears a Stetson.

THE FIREMEN'S BAIL What starts out as

THE FIREMEN'S BALL. What starts out as a simple, furny little anecdote about a group of firemen planning a party for their retiring chief is turned by Director Milos Forman (Loves of a Blonde) into a pithy parody of Communist bureaucracy, OLIVER Dicke.'s novel might at first

seem as likely a subject for a musical as Middlemarch, but Lionel Bart's score, Carol Reed's direction and John Box's breathtaking sets all combine to make what is easily the entertainment of the year.

# BOOKS

# Best Reading

IT HAPPENED IN BOSTON? by Russell H. Greenan. In this sprightly first novel, a witty but deranged narrator, park-beneh dreamer and master painter tells of the ludicrous events that made him a forger and murderer anxious to meet and kill God.

THE STRANGLERS, by George Bruce. The original "thugs" were Indian marauders who strangled travelers and robbed them. It wasn't until the 1830s, when their re-

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The MT/ST lets her type at rough draft speed and backspace to type right over mistakes (without erasing). And it lets her type in changes you make (without having to type the whole thing over).

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Used systematically throughout an

office, these two pieces of IBM equipment alone have increased people's productivity by as much as 50%.

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and obsession for quality have made us the largest on earth. Now we're shoot-

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Benson, Minnesota 56215

cent victims were numbered in the tens of thousands, that a crusading British officer finally wiped them out. A horrifying,

ZAPATA AND THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION. by John Womack Jr. A young (31) Har-vard historian tells the great revolutionary's story with skill, judgment and a se of compassion.

OBSOLETE COMMUNISM: THE LEFT-WING AL-TERNATIVE, by Daniel and Gabriel Cohn-Bendit. One of the leaders of the nearrevolution that shook France during last year's fateful "days of May" joins forces with his brother to examine the studentworker revolt. Their absorbing chronicle concludes by blaming the revolt's failure on the Communist Party, French trade unions and the left-wing establishment

HIS TOY, HIS DREAM, HIS REST, by John Berryman. Using a fictional white middleaged American named Henry as his mouthpiece, Berryman comments on a whole range of human experience, particularly life during the past eleven years, and com-

JOYCE CARY, by Malcolm Foster. The discontent of the artist in organized society emerges as the major theme in this first full-scale biography of the late author of such novels as The Horse's Mouth and Herself Surprised

ALEXANDER POPE, by Peter Quennell. A considered, selective and urbane biography of the great 18th century poet, satirist and curmudgeon

SILENCE ON MONTE SOLE, by Jack Olsen. An account of the Nazis' liquidation of 1,800 people on an Italian mountainside that draws its strength from the author's careful research and unrhetorical style. THE ARMS OF KRUPP, by William Manchester. The "smokestack barons" of the Ruhr, whose arsenal armed Germany in

two world wars, are portrayed in an encyclopaedic history of their most powerful and eccentric family. MILLAIS AND THE RUSKINS, by Mary Lutyens. The odd marriage of the Victorian critic and esthete is given an enlightened going-over by a British biographer.

# Best Sellers

FICTION

- The Salzburg Connection, MacInnes (1 last week)
- 2. A Small Town in Germany, le Carré (2)
- Airport, Hailey (4) 4. Force 10 from Navarone, MacLean (6) 5. Preserve and Protect, Drury (3)
- 6. The First Circle, Solzhenitsvn (5) A World of Profit, Auchincloss (9) The Beastly Beatitudes of Balthazar B.
- Donleavy (7) 9. The Hurricone Years, Hawley (8)

# 10. And Other Stories, O'Hara (10) NONFICTION

- The Money Game, 'Adam Smith' (1) Instant Replay, Kramer (2)
- The Joys of Yiddish, Rosten (6)
- The Valachi Papers, Maas (5) The Arms of Krupp, Manchester (4)
- Sixty Years on the Firing Line, Krock (7) The Day Kennedy Was Shot,
- Bishop (3) The Rich and the Super-Rich, Lundberg (8)
- Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program for Men and Women, Craig

# It started out as a simple peanut.

Like most products or ideas, peanuts started out plain and simple. And in most cases they would have remained that way but for the lively competition of nationally advertised brand names. The kind of competition that's turned the peanut into all the things it is today.

Brand names are what manufacturers call their products. You see them on every package. These product names compete with one another. Try to offer more. More variety. Satisfaction. Consistent quality. Value. And they let you know about it through advertising. Let you know the facts. And if they don't live up to what they say they don't have their names for very long.

When brand names compete, products get better. Ever notice?



TIME, FEBRUARY 14, 1969

# Did you take a good look in a mirror today?

Did you see a person there you can respect?

Self-respect is vital to a successful, meaningful life.

Goodwill Industries gives the handicapped the git of self-respect by helping them to help themselves through vocational rehabilitation. But Goodwill needs your help. We need useable or repairable clothes and furniture. A check to keep us going strong.

Can you ignore this urgent plea?

Ask your mirror.

GOODWILL INDUSTRIES

(See your local telephone directory, or write: Goodwill—1913 N. St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20036)

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For another thing, we've got information. Facts you need to have to make a sound selection. What we don't know, we can find out. NP men living along the line are working through the local communities and deal with these facts every day.

Thinking about a new distribution warehouse, an expanded manufacturing facility, new markets to tap, new people to reach? Think of the Northern Pacific's Northwest.
Call the NP representative nearest you.

Or contact George R. Powe, General Manager, Properties and Industrial Development, Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minnesota 55101. The phone is 612-222-7773. He'll be glad to send you a words-and-pictures tour booklet of our area.

This is the way to run a railroad. The way we run the Northern Pacific.

# WERE PULLING A FEW SURPRISES ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAIIWAY

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Poly-Tech Corporation, Minneapolis, manufactures polyethylene film and bags. All are made to order. And 99% of the orders are handled by phone. Percy Ross, President, and Steven Ross, Vice President, feel that their eleven telephone salesmen accomplish more in five minutes on the phone than they could in an hour in person.

Poly-Tech uses WATS. WATS is Wide Area Telecommunications Service, with a flat monthly charge for each WATS line regardless of the number or duration of calls. With WATS, you can use the phone for all it's worth.

Ten years ago there was no Poly-Tech Corporation. Now, annual sales are \$5 million. And Poly-Tech is sold on the telephone.

Call your Bell System Communications Consultant. A phone is just a phone until you learn how to use it.







# This sash shows a lot of Bermuda's history. (Join us and make some of your own.)

You'll find 21 square miles of history in Bermuda. You'll see it in the uniforms of the Bermuda Regiment at the Queen's Birthday Parade. In the architecture. In the treasure from Spanish galleons wrecked on the coral reefs.

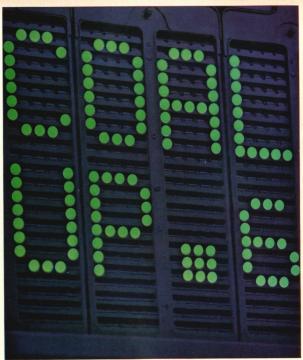
Bermuda is actually Britain's oldest colony. And its history goes back to 1609. But let's talk about the history you can make here. Maybe you'll catch a record-breaking bonefish, wahoo, or tuna. Break par on one of seven famous golf

courses. Or simply rack up a record number of hours on a pink Bermuda beach.

The history you make is up to you. Let your travel agent help you start it. Or write Bermuda, 610 Fifth Ave., New York 10020. 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 60602.



There is only one Bermuda.



# The smart money is on coal



# LETTERS

#### Conflict or Cooperation

Sir: Your excellent article on the strained relations between blacks and Jews [Jan 31] forcefully points out a problem, of which many Jews in suburbia are either unaware or have not concerned themselves This cancer, however, has now reached epidemic proportions, and it is time for positive constructive action from Jews and blacks to cure this sickness.

MORTON H. ARONSON President

# Temple Alivah

As one who has been greatly encouraged by the thoughtful and constructive Essays carried by your magazine in recent months on present-day economic and social problems, I was deeply dis-turbed and distressed by what I consider unfortunate, almost irresponsible reporting of the current tensions between the black and Jewish populations. Your failure to point to the positive, significant relation-ships between these two ethnic groups which far outweigh the incidents of hostility-not only tends to exacerbate the situation, but reflects unbalanced and subjective reporting

I refer to the substantial number of Jewish citizens who are active, contributing members of civil rights efforts and organizations-to the many who have played key roles in promoting integrated housing stimulating black entrepreneurshipand to those who have been diligent in meaningfully involving blacks in industries traditionally dominated by Jews: retail sales, advertising, television, motion pic-

Most of all, I feel that the masses of black people who are obviously not anti-Semitic were done a great disservice by your failure to refer to the strong and positive statements made by the leadership of such organizations as the Urban League and the N.A.A.C.P. Rather, there was the tragic regression to the old irresponsible habit of singling out the vicious words of individuals who in no way can be con sidered representative spokesmen for black

I recognize that it is far easier to report conflict than cooperation, but this is cation like TIME can afford at this critical period. WHITNEY M. YOUNG JR.

Executive Director National Urban League, Inc.

Sir: Let us cease arguing about which group had it tougher in the past, and in-

stead concentrate on which behaves more responsibly today. VIRGINIA U. PROUT Greenwich, Conn.

Sir: How hypocritical of Rhody McCoy to expect the Jew to be more noble because of the persecution he faced but not to expect the same of the black man. how conciliatory of him to state that black anti-Semitism is just following the mainstream of white anti-Semitism.

CAROLE K. SILVERMAN

#### Manhattan

Sir: Can this be a Wasp plot to divide and conquer by setting two main op-ponents off against each other? A. HURLICH El Cajon, Calif.

TIME, FEBRUARY 14, 1969

once but twice, in two successive cover stories, "To Heal a Nation and Discussion lew" are far and away the ablest, most perceptive and best balanced diagnoses the nation's two most urgent and baffling internal problems: the deeper causes, and perhaps some prescription for cure. the pervasive and profound malaise which afflicts the nation's psyche, and the highcomplex and intractable confrontation the nation's two largest and most in fluential minorities-an alienation which cannot possibly be understood or mitigated these two masterly pieces take places among the half-dozen most distinguished

TIME has achieved a new "high" not

articles in TIME's 46 years. HENRY P. VAN DUSEN Union Theological Seminary

Manhattan

# Curing the Ills

Rome, Italy

officials.

Sir: We want to express our sincere gra itude for your excellent program "To Heal a Nation" [Jan. 24]. We hope and urge that you measure and criticize the pres-Administration's performance on the basis of its serious commitment to the legislative enactment of this program for social and domestic betterment

As a journal of great influence you can prod our leaders into a sense of greater responsibility.

ROBERT BUSH, S.J. PAUL J. BERNADICOU, S.J. Collegio S. Roberto Bellarmino

Your analysis of the American scene should be reprinted in leaflet form and put into the hands of every American citizen it is possible to reach. Certainly it should be sent to all top government

J. D. BLANCHARD

# Groton, N.Y.

Sir: The advocacy of the reconstitution of the 50 states into twelve political entities by the Center for Democratic Stud-Santa Barbara has an amicus ies at curiae in the U.S. Constitution itself. Article IV, Section 3 says that the "junc-tion of states" is not prohibited if approved by the Congress and the states CHARLES DELACY

Sir: Right; the Constitution could stand some upgrading, done preferably by people whose responsibility matches the seriousness of the task. What qualifies the "tweedy" ones in Santa Barbara to take the lead in such a vital matter? LESLIE O. VARGADY

### Cabinet Complaints

Sir: So our new Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare is a chain smoker [Jan. 24]. Ho, hum—file Robert Finch under "Do as I say, not as I do." LORRAINE G. ADAIR

#### Kingston, N.Y.

Sir: Sorry to read about Maurice Stans, the new Secretary of Commerce bagging a rare antelope in the Congo. I wonder if these people who kill in order to have more stimulating "cocktail conversation" are really people with human qualities, love for life, or if they possess any real compassion for anything

Thousand Oaks, Calif.

NONA CHAFFIN

### Gilt-Edged Retirement

Sir: I am wondering how many hungry people could be fed with the half-million dollars it will cost the taxpayers for Millionaire ex-President Johnson's first year

of retirement [Jan. 31]. MRS. E. M. WILDE

# The Commander's Compassion

Sir: My husband and I have been blessed with four boys-the oldest will register for the draft in March. Our greatest joy in life will be to see these boys mature and live on as our heritage. We owe thanks to Commander Bucher and his compassion for the lives of his

men [Jan. 31]. MRS. GEORGE DOVLE

# Downers Grove, Ill.

Sir: Your Essay on prisoners of war tops them all. I am deeply thankful to you for saying so well what I have been saying pri-vately. You said it all with one exceptioncondemnation for whoever withheld the Government's "confession" for those eleven long months. (MRS.) M. HAMMOND

Portland, Me.

# Shades of Henry VIII

Sir: Thank you for bringing to the at-tention of the American public the disgusting injustice that has long plagued the Catholics in Northern Ireland [Jan. 31]. Granted, the British have come a long way since the days of Henry VIII—

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but they still have a long way to come before Northern Ireland comes out of the Dark Ages.

LYNN CHENEY

# St. Joseph, Mo. Americans All

Sir: Your Essay on Wasps [Jan. 17] and the readers' response, speak volumes about "the great American nightmare." Aren't they all—or shouldn't they all be—Americans, without so subtly and so childishly reclassifying themselves according to who

Mrs. Carlos A. Vázquez Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico

#### Worth the Price

Sir: In your "People-Smuggling" story Jan. 31), you chide these fellows for carrying on a "strictly commercial venture." In 1933 such a profitering fellow led me and five others across the Austro-Humand he collected a well-deserved \$1,000 for each of us after doing an excellent and very unemotional job of it. Later that year he was shot by border guards. He was going back to smuggle out his was he, but I would not take a penny less for that kind of an occupation.

TIBOR R. MACHAN Goleta, Calif.

#### Flu Manchu

Sir: As a British sufferer from A2 HK-68, I protest against the use of the term "Hong Kong" flu [Jan. 31]. The crown

colony was the first victim, not the originator, of the epidemic. The virus was cleanly manufactured in the secret mainland laboratories of China, probably under the malevolent supervision of Sax Rohmer's archifend, the Devil Doctor himself.

The illness could more properly be

DEREK SMITH

# Drop Everything

Sir: If all Glen Campbell is waiting for to have it made—"If I can just make a 40-year-old housewife put down her dish towel and say 'OH!"—he has it made. I'll drop anything, including my 2½-year-old daugh-

BETTY C. LAVENDER
Tallahassee, Fla.

# Adventure in Adversity

Sir Having been to Morocco last summer, I would hardly label it a holiday haven [Jan 31]. It could be more apply termed an adventure in adversity. The oppressive heat, omnipresent filth, and the questionable quality of the food are some of the obstacles that confront the tourist in a rigid test of endurance.

Yet, compared with the interminable

plight of its people, such discomforts are minor.

CAROL SIMONETTI Elmont, N.Y.

Sir: I found your article most disconcerting. In my entire life I have seen nothing so perverse as these jet-age pleasure seekers unwittingly mutilating the natural charm of an isolated environment—destroying the very reason for which they came. In a short time the salient features of Morocco will not be deserted mosques or lonely hills but the tinsel and glitter of hotels, the ugly stretches of concrete highways, and most regrettably, the ubiq-

GREGG RABE

# Minneapolis That Animal That Is Woman

Sir Concerning your article "Ethology: That Animal That Is Man" [Jan. 17] you are speaking only of the adult male portion of humanity. Let's hear with no more delay of some of the fantasies and other relevant data pertaining to the majority of the species: the female. I received a growing that the property of the pro

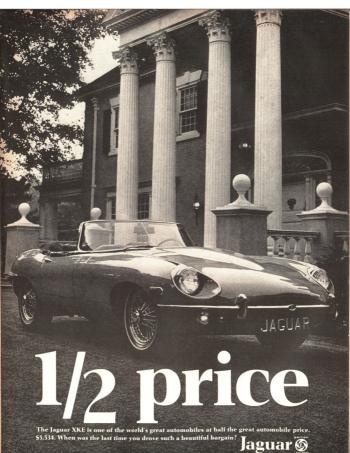
MRS. G. E. VAILLANT Cambridge, Mass.

# The Bitter Words

Sir. Regarding your review of my book The Bitter Woods [Jan. 31]: the book is very frankly a study of "rational men doing a skilled job" at all echelons. These include my father. For a lot of blood-andguts stories, look elsewhere. Since I tred to make The Bitter Woods readable, I would be disappointed if it did indeed resemble an "exercise at a war college." However, I remind you that this is no treather

JOHN EISENHOWER Valley Forge, Pa.





rice P.O.F. East Coast, slightly higher Gulf and West ports

# A letter from the PUBLISHER

Janu R. Shepley

THE 41 black and Puerto Rican teen-agers who gathered at the Trinagle Building in Harlem were turned and the Building Building and the Buildin

planning to move on to the Urban

BERNARD RECEIVING CERTIFICATE\*

League's Harlem Prep, or Newark Prep, as the next step on their path to college.

At present, there are some 16 storefront Street Academies in the slum areas of Manhattan and Brooklyn. Under a program organized by the Urban League, and financed mainly

\* On the right, IBM's Darryl Freeman, second from right, TIME Assistant Publisher Ralph Davidson, third, Livingston Wingate, executive director of the New York Urban League. by private industry, street workers search for the promising dropout. The shrewd, sharp youngster, who has seen enough of the dismal life of the ghetto, may be receptive to the suggestion that he can find his way out. After getting used to a router of study and exidency of Transition for advanced classes and individual tutoring.

The graduation ceremony, which included students from the IBMsponsored academy nearby, was a demonstration of the program's potential. Patricia Bernard, 18, addressed the school's sponsors and teachers in her invocation: "We've been given the impression that you all had only one big dream-a dream to help those of us who had almost given up hope. You boosted our morale and gave many of us the strength we needed to gain back our willpower to learn and our anxiety to make something of ourselves. I hope that each and every one of us graduating from here today will work toward success, and I hope that some of us will inevitably achieve it.'

At the end of the ceremony, Pat Bernard offered a brief benediction: "Somewhere there's a place for us. I hope that each of us will go out and hold our heads erect."

Cover: Construction in casein by Louis Glanzman.

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WHY NOT GET THE BEST





# THE NATION

# A NEW LEADERSHIP EMERGES

THINGS began to happen in Washington. After three months of cautious groundwork since the election and three weeks of intensive study and preparation since the Inauguration, the Nicon Administration signaled an end Nicon Administration signaled an end three three three three three three three tied after the previous chief executive has departed and before the new one has found his pace. Though Richard Nicon remained facinisted by procedure and form, the predominant note of the week was movement. In both foreign week was movement. In both foreign week was movement. In both foreign three three three three three three three three first time felt the guiding hand of its new leadership.

Perhaps the most impressive fact about that leadership was that it moved so affirmatively in so many directions. It made a conciliatory bow to Europe, as to an old friend whose equaintance has been all ton englected of late. It spoke soothingly, but with extreme correctness, in the direction of the Russians, inviting them to begin a new chapter in Soviet-American relations, the other in the contraction of the

All of this was symbolized by President Nixon's second press conference, in which-using neither lectern nor notes-he held forth with a confidence that left no room for even his initial display of nervousness. He spoke mainly of foreign affairs, and opened by announcing that he will spend a week on a working tour of the capitals of Western Europe at the end of this month. Secretary of State William Rogers and Presidential Assistant Henry Kissinger will go along, though Nixon aims to meet tête-à-tête with the heads of government in Belgium, Britain, West Germany, Italy and France, He will also see Pope Paul VI in Rome, and make the ritual visit to West Berlin that has become almost compulsory. It will be the first European tour by a U.S. President since John Kennedy's triumphant swing in June 1963

No Breathroughs. The European tour is both good international tactics and sensible domestic strategy. Europeans were outspokenly dismayed by Lyndon Johnson's preoccupation with Asia at the expense of older Atlantic allies. Nixon's trip will counter that impression, perhaps inspire new purpose in NATO, and probably advance a Fran-oc-American rapprockement, At home,

the President can hardly expect a sudden breakthrough in the overweening problems of racial discord and dissent about the Viet Nam war. Europe is the area in which he can best hope to make some quick and perhaps dramatic progress.

The President's European consultations are part of a new stance toward the Soviet Union, an approach that is coming to be known in Washington as "total diplomacy." By building Western unity, President Nixon hopes to strengthen the U.S. position across the spectrum of common concerns with the U.S.S.R. In the President's now familiar words, he believes that this should be "an era of negotiation instead of confrontation." Unlike his predecessor, he also believes that negotiations should cover tough global political differences as well as the purely military matters that the Russians have been more eager to discuss. While Nixon has deferred answering a new Soviet proposal for arms-control discussions, he pressed ahead last week for Senate ratification of the nonproliferation treaty banning the spread of nuclear weapons to nations that do not now have them. He also accepted in principle a French proposal for joint U.S.-Soviet-British-French talks on the Middle East crisis, which more and more seems out of control. Although Nixon describes this as part of "a new policy on the part of the U.S. in assuming the initiative," the main U.S. thrust continues to be toward agreement between the U.S. and the Soviet Union on a solution to the Arab-Israeli impasse. Nixon's men also intend to make bilateral probes of French and British attitudes through their delegations at the U.N. When the four-power talks eventually take place, the U.S. wants to make sure that it does not find itself on the short end of a three-to-one international line-up over the Middle East.

The President also scotched talk of in immediate summit meeting with the Russians, though he did not rule it out for the future. "I take a dim view of mitry," he told the White House reporters. What is more, he explained, "I have long felt that before we have meetring of summitry with the Soviet leaders, it is 'vitally important that we have what we are doing."

Candy from Congress. If the Nixon Administration is moving with short, measured steps to deal with its foreign problems, its tempo in domestic matters seems slower and less specified. Dur-



NIXON GREETS CROWD ON WAY TO KEY BISCAYNE Moving to make his mark on a dozen fronts.





WITH BOY SCOUT LEADER



WITH NAACP'S WILKINS No room for nervousness.

ing the week. Nixon let it be known that he would recommend overhaulthough not outright abolition-of the Electoral College system. He said that he favored tax reforms designed to meet mounting congressional clamor for closing some of the loopholes that allow many of the very rich to live entirely taxfree. He has been in close touch with Arkansas Democrat Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee and the most powerful man in Congress on fiscal matters.

Nixon even made a move that proved unpopular with the Republicans in Congress. He decreed that it was "time to bite the bullet" and end political appointment of postmasters and rural mail carriers, urging their selection by competitive exams. Such men and women number some 63,000, all patronage jobs handed out by the party in presidential power.\* Nixon thus moved toward carrying out the aims of the Kappel report, which called for removing the postal system from politics entirely. Complained one Republican Representative: "It's like taking candy away from a kid who has waited for it a long time." Still, Congressmen have long complained privately of getting their own fingers sticky: when they name one of the party faithful to such a job, they instantly make enemies of dozens of other hopefuls.

There is a good chance of further difficulty for some Congressmen in Nixon's appointment of Dr. John Hannah, 66, president of Michigan State University and chairman of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, as head of the embattled Agency for International Development. Hannah is an astute, strongwilled man with years of experience in dealing with state legislatures and with Congress, and he promises to be a formidable adversary for Congressmen intent on cutting foreign aid

Respect and Friendship. The President seemed intent upon leaving old attitudes behind. Though in the past he has referred proudly to his role in drafting the Taft-Hartley Act provisions for dealing with national-emergency strikes, he called those arrangements "outmoded." A correspondent asked him, "in light of your more than passing familiarity with the Hiss case," to comment on right-wing objections to the supposed past associations of Charles Yost, Nixon's U.N. Ambassador, with Alger Hiss. Nixon firmly rejected the bait. "What I am looking to now," he said curtly, "is his capability to handle the problems of the future, and not events that occurred over 20 years ago.' Besides, he added, "there is no ques-

\* Nixon is hardly the first President to have been vexed by the question of post-office pa tronage. In 1861, just after the Union defeat at Bull Run, Abraham Lincoln confided to an old Illinois law associate what had annoyed him in the presidency more than anything else: "The fight over two post offices one at our Bloomington, and the other in Pennsylvania."

tion about his loyalty to this country." Nixon's most impressive-and magnanimous-pronouncement to date may well have been his candid admission that even his own post-election task force on education "pointed up that I was not considered as a friend by many of our black citizens." Nixon went on: "I can only say that by my actions as President I hope to rectify that." The President, he said, "represents all the people. He is a friend to all the people. And I hope that I can gain the respect and I hope, eventually, the friendship of black citizens and other Americans." N.A.A.C.P. Executive Director Roy Wilkins conferred with Nixon for half an hour late last week. Wilkins criticized the President for moving too slowly in cutting off federal aid to school districts that lag behind in desegregating. Still, there was some cheer in an otherwise solemn week: a dele-

gation of 15 Scouts and Explorers came

to the White House and gave him a fish-

ing rod to mark the start of National

Boy Scout Week Easing the Path. Obviously wellbriefed for his news conference, Nixon breezed through 24 questions in 30 minutes with only a few gaffes. Warily, as though they were still uncertain what to make of the man, U.S. headline-writers have assiduously avoided calling the new President "R.M.N.," on the model of "J.F.K." or "L.B.J.," or "Dick, though they never boggled at "Ike." For all that, his candor and directness have won him the increasing esteem of even his harsher critics in the press. He has appeared uncommonly open and responsive; even when he feels that he must duck a question, he explains why it would be unwise to answer. The lesson of Lyndon Johnson's "credibility does not seem to have been lost on Richard Nixon. By making that effort, while beginning to move his Administration forward, he has already made the path of his presidency easier.

# Nixon's New Humor (Cont'd)

As a wielder of behind-the-scenes influence, South Carolina's Senator Strom Thurmond is sometimes pictured as a rival of Rasputin. In return for the South's electoral support, the stories went, it was Thurmond who had final clearance on Richard Nixon's vice-presidential choice, Spiro Agnew, during the Republican Convention in Miami. Nixon recently alluded to his Dixie friend with some of his newly discovered humor. It was delivered at a dinner of the Alfalfa Club, a group of top businessmen, professionals and Government officials that starts off the term of a new President by putting forward, as a joke, their own choice (this year's joke: Harold Stassen). The way to pick a running mate, Nixon said, was to collect recommendations from friends and politicians, and mull them over until the mind clears in the early morning solitude of a hotel room. "And then," the President, "you ask, 'What's his name, Strom?"

# KISSINGER: THE USES AND LIMITS OF POWER

ENERAL Curtis LeMay, the retired G Air Force Chief of Staff, was attending a stag dinner in the country with old friends when the conversation turned to the recent appointment of Henry Kissinger as Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs. The general stood and grumped: "I remember him. He was a crypto-left-winger when he was teaching at Harvard and a dangerous pinko when he was serving John Kennedy." Another former general in the group arose and said, "Curt, I can forgive you occasionally for not knowing what you're talking about. But in this case it's obvious you don't know who you're talking about, You've mixed up Henry Kissinger with Arthur Schlesinger." LeMay nodded sheepishly and sat down.

Of course, it is difficult to keep track of all the intellectuals with strangesounding names and unorthodox notions who orbit the campuses, think tanks and Government. While renowned in those circles, Henry Alfred Kissinger is not exactly, as Spiro Agnew might have said, a household name. Though he has never been a diplomat, he knows more foreign leaders than many State Department careerists. A superficial reading of some of his works makes him seem like a hawk, but many intellectual doves regard him as Richard Nixon's most astute appointment, Bonn, London and Paris may disagree on a score of issues, but they are in happy unanimity in their respect for him; even Moscow is not displeased.

# Two Great Temptations

He advised three Administrations before this one, and roundly criticized key policies of the Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson regimes. He has never held an important administrative job in Government but after only three weeks in his post, Kissinger has assembled a White House basement that is already having a clear impact on the President's actions.

From the moment of his selection in December, Government officials, fellow academics and journalists have serulized his every move. William Buckley wrote to him: "Not since Florence Mightingale has any public figure received such universal acclamation." Sent of sach Javist commented that Kistor Javist and the sach provided that the most significant the President has made, because "it is in foreign policy that the Nixon Administration will make its mark."

The two major questions about Kissinger are: What does he stand for and how much power does he have? On the first, he has documented himself over a dozen years with many hundreds of pages on diplomatic history, military strategy and foreign relationsalthough his views, seldom rigid, have evolved on a number of points. Perhaps the most interesting fact about him is that he has not fallen into either of the two great temptations that have beset American foreign policy in the past excessive idealism and excessive pragmatism. He believes in the concept of order, but he does not believe that it is to be achieved through preaching or the imposition on others of a vision, however noble, by force. He thinks it can be achieved only step by step with a clear view of one's goal, but the greatest flexibility of method. He wants to teach the U.S., so lately come to international leadership, what he considers the alpha-to-omega lessons for a major power: the need for "greater concepty was negotiated without enough consistential for possible adverse effects: dismay in some Western European capitals over what was essentially a Moscow-Washington deal and the encouragement to some countries, like India and Japan, to consider going the nuclear route alone.

As to how much power Kissinger has, it is too soon to gauge his long-term influence on Nixon. For the present, he clearly has a great deal. He sees the President an average of 90 minutes a day, apart from formal meetings of the National Security Council. Secretary of Declence Melvin Laird are not experts in their fields; Kissinger is in his While Ropers and Laird have been



THE NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL Alpha-to-omega lessons in power.

tualization." He wants the nation to indulge in self-interrogation: "What are we attempting to do? How would we measure success? What kind of world are we trying to bring about?"

He insists that the U.S. should understand both the potentials and limitations of its strength. He believes that it has been too reluctant to "think in terms of power and equilibrium." It has not grasped the fundamental importance of operating from the stable base of a widely accepted world view. In his philosophy, the empirical approach that has served the U.S. so well in other fields can prove misleading in foreign affairs; it tends to produce ad hoc solutions pegged to the crisis of the moment, but not necessarily to predetermined needs and interest. In realistic terms, no policy can be expected to succeed unless it anticipates not only the desired outcome but also the other side effects it may produce. For instance, the nuclear nonproliferation trearelatively slow in reorganizing their mammoth departments, Kissinger immediately attracted attention by his speedy recruitment of staff members, many of them well-known specialists. Most of his aides were in place by Inauguration Day, and the Kissinger staff began immediately to grind out position papers.

### A Certain Wariness

As a result, Kissinger is already wideby suspected in Washington of being a would-be usurper of the powers traditionally delegated to the State and Detense Departments and the rereign Relations Chairman J. William Fulbright fears that the new NSC organization will "move in the direction of taking very important matters out of the hands of the traditional agencies, most of which the White House itself, one adde who is close to Nixon says: "Kissinger is seen as tremendously talented, energetic and hard-working, going all the time. But there is a certain wariness about him and the whole empire he is building. The President has been forced to issue repeated assurances that Secretary of State William Rogers is indeed the principal adviser on foreign policy, and the State Department the principal executor of that policy.

Theoretically, Kissinger's main job is not to advise the President on a particular course of action in a given situation Rather it is to draw on the resources of the operating agencies-primarily State, Defense and the Central Intelligence Agency-and develop all the information and options available so that the President can reach decisions with the fullest possible understanding of their ultimate implications.

Making Foreign Policy

To that end, the machinery surrounding the National Security Council has been elaborately revised.

"Foreign policy," says Kissinger, "isn't made by answering cables." Nixon remembered only too well the efforts during the Eisenhower Administration to establish a workable structure through the National Security Council. The forms were created, but there was not much in the way of ideas. In reaction, John Kennedy swept away the NSC substructure and relied on more spontaneous methods, Lyndon Johnson virtually abandoned the NSC and used the "Tuesday luncheon" with top advisers as the principal form of deliberation. The meetings were so informal that there is no known official record of the discussions or the decisions made over the table. There was no machinery

for the systematic followup of policy.

Nixon came into office determined to restore some of the formalities of the Eisenhower years and at the same time make them more creative. As in the past, there are five planning subcommittees with responsibility for as many areas of the world. Now, however, they will come under the NSC instead of the State Department, although an Assistant Secretary of State will act as chairman of each, To these are being added five groups set up by function

# STUDY COMMITTEES policy papers for Nat Tonic committees headed by officials from Depts, of State, Defense and Treasury. Members of all committees drawn from Kissinger's staff, CIA and other Government depo PLANNING STAFF Kissinger and aides Examine papers, make suggesting REVIEW BOARD ger, chairman, chief planners of Dants of State & Defense, CIA, Joint Chiefs Review policy papers and study options Propose agenda for NSC. NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL tembers: Pres. Nixon, Vice Pres. Agnew, Secy. Rogers, Secy. Laird, rector OEP Lincoln. Sitting in: Kissinger, Dir. CIA, Chm. Joint Chiefs NSC reviews the options from which President Nixon will make foreign policy decisions. UNDERSECRETARY'S COMMITTEE Chm. Joint Chiefs; Dir. CIA; Kissinger

# No Basement Policy

(see chart).

After the subgroups complete work on a given issue, the conclusions are sent to a new NSC review board, chaired by Kissinger. Here competing views are refined and new material can be added. It is Kissinger's review board that prepares the final working document for NSC consideration. Finally, after an NSC decision has been made, overseeing its implementation among the departments becomes the responsibility of a committee headed by Under Secretary of State Elliot Richardson. Kissinger is a member of that body as well.

How well this machinery will work remains to be seen. Kissinger insists that the organizational changes that give the National Security staff formal responsibility for coordination of planning will create neither a bottleneck nor a trespass on the rights of Cabinet officers such as Rogers and Laird. "I'm not making policy in the White House basement," he contends. "When policy comes to be seen as my policy, then I've failed." He adds: "If Cabinet officers sense that I use this position to regulate the flow of information so that the outcome is in the direction of my preferred point of view, then I've lost my effectiveness." taking office, Kissinger has said nothing publicly on substantive issues.

## Caustically Critical

Kissinger's somewhat anguished protestations that he knows his place may not avail him much. The middle echelons of the State Department, for instance, are always fearful of being trampled upon by the White House staff: it was no different when McGeorge Bundy held Kissinger's post. Critics have sometimes accused Kissinger of having an ego as big as his intellect. They have raised eyebrows at the fact that he worked for different Administrations (nothing very unusual as such), and noted that, while serving as Candidate Nelson Rockefeller's foreign-policy adviser, he was often caustically critical of Richard Nixon. The inevitable crack that traveled from Harvard to the corridors of the State Department: "I won-

der who's Kissinger now. Humility is not his hallmark. When he served as a consultant to the Kennedy Administration, he disagreed with its European policy. He pressed his views insistently and was indignant when they were ignored. He resigned because of that. "I think I was right on the substance," he says now, "but I was in-sensitive in my reaction." While he was working for Rockefeller, he was told once that a speech he had written was being redone. "When Nelson buys a Picasso," he snapped, "he does not hire four house painters to improve it.'

He is of average height, compact build, sandy-haired, composed and inconspicuous. He is 45, but he easily could pass for several years less-or more. Horn-rimmed glasses obscure his grey eyes. On first meeting, he can smile shyly and even indulge in professorial persiflage, as if to belie his reputation for being brusque with colleagues, students and office help. "There cannot be a crisis next week," he jokes, in a softly Germanic accent. "My schedule is already full."

Indeed it is. In setting up the new machinery and addressing the problems that confront the Nixon Administration, Kissinger has been working six days a week from 7:30 a.m. to near midnight. His new bachelor quarters overlooking Rock Creek Park are a shambles; he got home to dress for an intimate White House dinner one night unsure whether he would find a dinner jacket and black tie. He arrived back at the White House 20 minutes late. The critic who has always demanded "creativity" of government smiles wanly and says he dreads the moment when someone will approach him with a new idea; he fears he might not have time to consider it. For the time being, he says, he is living off "intellectual capital."

The NSC has been meeting twice a week. So far there have been no far reaching decisions on any major issue, but interim decisions of considerable significance are being made for the future. In some of them, Kissinger's thinking has been clearly evident.

In confronting the Middle East, there was no time for exhaustive review before a decision was made. The new Administration inherited insistent pressure for concerted action by the four big powers. A hurried staff survey produced seven options that really amounted to three broad choices: do nothing, press for an overall settlement, or work for smaller measures of amelioration. The first and third alternatives were dismissed. Too much is at stake in a situation that some in Washington compare to the pre-World War I Balkans. At his first press conference, Nixon stressed this grave view. Then the Administration answered the French request for Big Four action by agreeing to explore the question at the United Nations. The idea is that the U.S. would actually join a formal Big Four meeting only if earlier talks showed that results were likely.

# Skeptical Questions

On Viet Nam, an initial canvass of Government departments produced no very deep insights for the NSC. Therefore Kissinger's staff sent out a new request, National Security Council Memorandum No. 1, which posed about three dozen questions, some of them exhaustively detailed. The tone of the query was skeptical. Consequently, those in the bureaucracy who are relatively optimistic about the state of the war were upset. For others, who believe the war effort is still going badly and that the Saigon government's position is not improving as it should, it was a welcome opportunity to get their view on record. The gist of some questions: What support would the anti-Communists in the South be able to muster if they had to compete politically with the National Liberation Front? Would the pacification effort survive another major Communist assault? What are the real prospects for the South Vietnamese army to hold its own without U.S. comhat units?

The deadline for answers is this week. While the Administration gropes for a new handle on the negotiations and the war itself, the U.S. delegation at the Paris talks has been seeking agreement on restoring the demilitarized zone that separates North and South Viet Nam. It is also trying to arrange prisoner extended to the property of the possibility of mutual U.S. North Vietnamese troop withdraway Ustanswer torop withdraway.

Aside from the formal talks at the Hotel Majestic, American representa-

continued on page 20

# From Fürth to the White House Basement

IN the German city of Fürth, in Middie Franconia, few people remember the Kissingers, Before Word Til, Henry Kissinger's father Louis House Wall and the Market Market Market Market deman, or high school teacher. The deman common the many beacher the few removes the many beacher the proposed of the many beacher the proposed of the many beacher the proposed of the many beacher the transport of the many beacher the proposed of the many beacher the many the proposed of the many beacher the many the proposed of the many the many the many the proposed of the many th

When the Nazis gained power, life became difficult and dangerius became difficult and dangerius "The other children would beat us up," Henry recalls now. His facel to retire, but thought that the madness would pass and tried to wait it out. Finally the pressure became too much. Concerned the Heinz and a younger brother, Walter, would not get a proper education, Louis Kissinger took his family to America in 1938.

The father did not have an easy time in New York. Unable to get a teaching post, he wound up working in an office. To this day, his heart is in Firth. He has been back to visit twice, and two weeks ago wrote to the local newspaper to ask for clippings of stories about his son. Heinz, who so became Henry, adapted much more causily, in Germany, he had been an George Washington High School, he became a straight, A pupil.

After going on active duty in the Army in 1943, Kissinger soon found himself an interrogator in counter-intelligence. At one point, though only a sergeant, he was put in charge of administering a small German town. then a county with a population of 140,000. Later he was assigned to the faculty of an Army intelligence school in Oberammergau, teaching modern German history to officers ranking as high as lieutenant colonel. The disparity in military status became embarrassing. In 1946, he was made a civilian employee of the Army, with a salary of \$10,000 and a captain's rank in the Army Reserve. But by the next year he was restless. "I know nothing," he told a friend. He won a Government scholarship that began his long association with Harvard.

As a student, he was brilliant. He wan his B.A. in government in three years, summa cum laude. His doctorate came in 1954. By then he was serving as a consultant to a number of Government agencies, teaching at Harvard and running a group called the Harvard International Seminar, which sponsored student exchange programs. It was partially sub-

sidized by CIA funds secretly channeled through foundations. Kissinger now says that he was unaware of the subsidy until the story of CIA funding came out two years ago.

Kissinger was married in 1949 to the former An Fleischer; they were divorced in 1964, and their two children, Elizabeth, 9, and David, 7, live with her in Belmont, Mass. Those who have known him for many years say that he has mellowed since the divorce. One Harvard colleague observer: In this they were the same observer. In the control of the same control of the control of the control of the same control of the control of the control of the control of the same control of the control of the control of the control of the same control of the control of the control of the control of the same control of the control of the control of the control of the same control of the control of the control of the control of the same control of the control of the control of the control of the same control of the control of the control of the control of the same control of the control of the control of the control of the same control of the control of the control of the control of the same control of the control of the control of the control of the same control of the control of the control of the control of the same control of the control of the control of the control of the same control of the same control of the cont



PAULA & LOUIS KISSINGER

genial. He was able to spend more time reading novels and history.

After 1954, his interest in strategic studies became paramount. He published Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy, and Kissinger became a full member in that segment of the intellectual community—the new technocracy of academic experts in public affairs—that is now never far from Government.

from Government. Kissinger was already consultant to the director of the NSC's Psychological Strategy Board. Nelson Rockefeller took him on in 1956 as director of special Rockefeller Brothers Fund studies. Though Nixon read Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy and sent Kissinger an admiring note, the two met only a year ago at a Christmas party. "We both hate cocktail parties," Kissinger recalls, "and we were both trying to avoid making small talk." When Nixon moved into the Oval Office, Kissinger found himself close by in the White House basement. They have had no difficulty avoiding small talk.

tives in Paris have maintained informal contacts with North Vietnamese envoys at a secret location. These unofficial discussions have accomplished nothing so far. The idea of continuing them accords with the approach Kissinger outlined just before Nixon appointed him: Washington and Hanoi should settle whatever issues they can between them, while leaving as many internal Vietnamese questions as possible to the Vietnamese themselves. Like Nixon, Kissinger has not attacked the basic U.S. commitment in Viet Nam, though he has been critical of Lyndon Johnson's "ad hoc decisions made under pressure." While working for Rockefeller, Kissinger framed a plan for mutual U.S.-North Vietnamese military withdrawal, leading eventually to a political settlement.

# The New Linkage

Perhaps the most complicated and fateful issue facing the Nixon Administration-and one likely to be unresolved long after the Vietnamese war has ended-is an agreement on arms restraint with the Russians. Because the Johnson Administration and the Soviets agreed last summer to begin talks aimed at holding down offensive and defensive nuclear weaponry, the Nixon Administration expects to come under increasing domestic pressure to follow through with the negotiations. The President has said repeatedly that he favors such talks, but he has added a crucial new element to the equation by linking the arms question to the general political atmosphere in the world. What Washington is now saying to Moscow, in effect, is that the U.S. requires an earnest of good intentions.

Will the Soviets now continue to back the Arab states down the line, keeping the flash point high with military as-

sistance and advisers? Will the Russians make a more active effort to induce Hanoi to compromise? Will the old cycle of crisis and relaxation in West Berlin continue? The Nixon Administration on any or all of these problems as a pre-condition of arms talks. It doubts that any general, genuine détente is possible in the immediate future. Rather, it hopes located in the control of the problems of the control o

For its part, Washington is making some conciliatory gestures. Nixon's request for prompt Senate approval of the nuclear nonproliferation treaty is one example. Another is that he no longer asks "clear-cut superiority" for the U.S. in nuclear capability, as he did during the campaign, but now speaks of "sufficiency."

The linkage of arms and political issues is a reversal of the approach during the Kennedy and Johnson years, when the U.S. pursued limited nuclear pacts with the Russians regardless of other considerations. Kissinger spelled out his reasoning most recently in an essay published two months ago: "The risk is great that if there is no penalty for [Soviet] intransigence, there is no incentive for reconciliation. The Kremlin may use negotiations-including arms control-as a safety valve to dissipate Western suspicions rather than as a serious endeavor to resolve concrete disputes or to remove the scourge of war."

product tenths are soonly to be an extended to the control of the

Nams, the Arab-Israeli impasse. Dangerous turmoil in Asia, Africa and Latin America, of course, is a legacy of events that began long before most people had ever heard of atoms, let alone atom bombs. The Nixon Administration apparently views the weapons issue by itself with less urgency than its predecessor did.

### At a Crossroads

M.I.T. Professor George Rathjens, who was until 1965 assistant to the director of the Arms Control and Distantanent Agency, summarized the case for prompt action last month: "We are in effect at a crossroads. We and the Soviet Union now have a better chance than we are likely to have in the fore-seeable future to make decisions that may enable us to avoid or at least moderate another spiral in the strategic-arms race."

But the Nixon Administration thinks it has considerable leeway. It believes that no vital decisions must be made in the next few months, at least, that would commit the U.S. irrevocably to further nuclear escalation. During this period, a determination can be made whether broad-scale talks with the Russians are feasible.

Meanwhile, the U.S. debate over the arms question is taking on national proportions, spurred largely by the anti-ballistic missile (ABM) project called Sentinel. Until 1967, McNamara resisted pressure from the Joint Chiefs of Staff to go ahead with this type of weapon. Many scientists and civilian planners argued that it was always easier and cheaper for the adversary to improve his offensive equipment by using decoys, multiple warheads and other devices, than it was for the other side to build an adequate defense. It thus seemed wiser to continue to improve the U.S. offensive capability, thereby



SERGEANT KISSINGER AT BERCHTESGADEN (1945)



NEN (1945)

FAREWELL SEMINAR AT HARVARD
In quest of a course between excessive idealism and excessive pragmatism.



METTERNICH
Toward coalitions of shared purposes.

perpetuating what the planners call "assured destruction," the ability to devastate the Soviet Union even after absorbing a first strike.

While work on new U.S. offensive missiles continued, the Russians accelerated expansion of their attack force at a faster rate than Washington had anticipated, and had begun deploying their own ABM system around Moscow. The Soviet catch-up drive, together with China's nuclear development program and the approaching 1968 election, finally pushed the Johnson Administration into the ABM competition. Under Johnson, the U.S. planned a socalled "thin" ABM system, at, an estimated cost of \$5 billion, to protect against a relatively primitive Chinese missile attack in the 1970s. However, many believe that the project, once begun, would inevitably grow into a "thick" defense against a Russian strike at a cost of \$50 billion or more. Last week the Nixon Administration temporarily halted work on the Sentinel pending a new review. Intelligence reports indicate that the Russians, probably because they questioned its efficiency, last year slowed installation of their ABM system.

What is relatively certain is that U.S. at the moment retains the capacity to decimate any enemy, although the Russians have come a long way in catching up in numerical terms, and the come and the company of the catching up in numerical terms, and the company of the company o

targeting (the MIRV missile), will be operational in about two years. Russia is also working on a MIRV. In the category of warheads available for use in what the military call a "wargasm"—a ghastly coinage meaning a sudden, total conflict—the Pentagon reported only last month that the U.S. leads 4,200 to 1,200.

The distinctions are to some extent academic. Each side can now substantially destroy the other even without striking the first blow, and marginal change in either quantity or quality of weapons will not change that fact. Hence a rough balance exists. Both sides are also spending heavily. However, proportional to gross national product, the military burner weight less on the U.S. than on Russian. Mutual escalation could only end sian. Mutual escalation could only end

Kissinger has a long record of pronouncements on nuclear issues; it was in this field that he first made his name. Yet his work has at times been open to varying interpretations. In his first major book, Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy, he said that limited nuclear war was containable and therefore conceivable. He later backed away from that theory; yet for a time colleagues mirthfully referred to him as Strangelove, East" (Physicist Edward Teller held the Western title). But his main argument, which eventually became U.S. policy, was that the old massive-retaliation approach of the middle-'50s was irrational because it offered no real alternative between surrender and wholesale annihilation: "It does not make sense to threaten suicide in order to prevent eventual death." John Foster Dulles' policies in general seemed "one-dimensional" to Kissinger.

# A Legitimate Order

In the first book, and in The Necessity for Choice (1960), he seemed to be highly skeptical of the chance for successful negotiations with the Russians and of U.S. capacity to bargain with a power that viewed the world so differently. "To us," he wrote. "a treaty has a legal and not only a utilitarian significance, a moral and not only a practical force. In the Soviet view, a concession is merely a phase in a continuing struggle." He also has doubts about the notion that as Russia evolves into a more liberal society, it will necessarily be more tractable. "In some respects," he said recently, "it was easier to deal with Stalin than with this timid, mediocre leadership that lets crises develop and has missiles.

Particular decisions to arm or disarm, to talk or to remain silent, must, in his view, be keyed to current opportunities rather than past failures. What remains constant is his concern with the fundamental uses of strength. The U.S. has not quite grasped an axiom that European statesmen had long ago mastered; peace is not a universal eralization of on enation's desires, but a



KISSINGER & BOSS Away from ad hoc decisions.

general acceptance of a concept of an international order." It may chafe all if no one's survival is threatened. In his history of the post-Napoleonic peformer of the post-Napoleonic peformer of the post-Napoleonic pesinger displayed admiration tics. Kissinger displayed admiration tics. Kissinger displayed admiration and bisname of the period of the period of the anian and Bismarck of Prissission.

They were all reactionaries who stood in the way of republicanism, to be sure, but Metternich and Castlereagh particularly understood the need for "legitimate" political structures, for satisfying national (if not popular) aspirations, for balancing the powers of their day. Says Kissinger: "An international order, the basic arrangements of which are accepted by all the major powers, may be called 'legitimate.' " The world conceived in the Congress of Via century of relative peace. The Germany constructed by Bismarck blun-dered into a fate of blood and new division, but only after the Iron Chancellor lost power. And the failures give Kissinger another lesson to teach Americans: great states disintegrate, and so can theirs. "Nothing is more difficult for Americans to understand than the possibility of tragedy.

Kissinger is European by birth and a Europeanist by doctrine. For the U.S., he says, "international success or failiture will ultimately be determined in the Atlantic area." His constant theme in criticizing the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations' approach to the Atlantic Alliance was that they operated from insufficient understanding and flexbility. In his view, once the Marshall Plan had served its purpose and NATO was firmly established, American predominance made less sense, washington's master plans for Western Europe became increasingly irrelevant. Why should not Charles de Gaulle pursue his own vision of a European third force? Why should the milliary commander of NATO always be an American the control of NATO always be an American the special control of NATO always be an American the special control of NATO always be an American the special control of NATO always be an American the special control of NATO always be an American the special control of NATO always be an American the special control of NATO always be an American the special control of NATO always be an American the special control of NATO always be a special control of NATO always be an American always be a special control of NATO always be an American always be an American always be a special control of NATO always be an American always be an Ameri

When he travels to Western Europe next week with Nixon and Rogers, the tour will be something of a personal triumph for Kissinger. It represents, if only symbolically at the moment, a renewal of the kind of relationship that he has advocated. Europeans are intensely, if not always justifiably, suspicious of American attempts to guide their policies, and are increasingly resentful of the growing U.S. involvement in their economies. Kissinger believes that the Atlantic nations can cooperate closely in many spheres, once they can agree on what he calls "coalitions of shared purposes." Precisely what these purposes will be, beyond the obvious mutual interest of defense, remains to be worked out by Nixon diplomacy.

# The Disraeli Conservative

Kissinger calls himself a political independent. "It I were in 19th century Great Britain," he says, "I might be a Disraeli Conservative in domestic affairs, but not in foreign policy," Dissareli was an unbashed imperfailst. Kissinger, by contrast, believes that U.S. power mist not be spread too thinly, especially in politically underdeveloped areas that Americans little understand.

It is curious that Henry Kissinger, the futurist who demands that the U.S. look far ahead before deciding what to do tomorrow morning, should be so much at home in the 19th century. However, states and statesmen were more predictable during that period, and the margin for error was a little greater. He is not alone in arguing that the U.S. could benefit from reading-and understanding-history. "The pre-eminent task of American foreign policy," he has said, "ought to be to get some reputation for steadiness. Whether we are dangerous to our enemies one can argue, but we are murder on our friends. We will not get steadiness unless we can have a certain philosophy of what we are trying to do.

That 19th century certitude, of course, should still be supplemented by instinct, another essential trait in an age when the only rapid communications were between a man's brain and hand. Kissinger, in A World Restored, quotes a line from Metternich: "I was born to make history, not to write novels, and if I guess correctly, this is because I know." As he helps Richard Nixon make history, Kissinger will have to make some knowing guesses himself, probably fateful ones. The U.S. can hope that Kissinger, a man of brilliant intellect, will guess correctly-and that Nixon guessed correctly in choosing him.

# INVESTIGATIONS

#### Pueblo and L.B.J.

In the anguished hours after the seizure of U.S.S. Pueblo, the Navy desperately charted a plan to recapture her. In fact, Pueblo was doomed, both by prior military ineptitude and Washington's well-founded fears of the consequences of any such action.

Testifying before the Navy court of in-

quiry in Coronado, Calif., last week, Rear Admiral George L. Cassell, former assistant chief of staff for Pacific Fleet Operations, said that the Navy



CAPTAIN JOHN WILLIAMS

The advice was simple: don't do it.

launched its rescue mission immediately after the capture. Two U.S. Navy destroyers, U.S.S. Truston and U.S.S. Highee, were ordered to sail to Wonsan. Under heavy air cover and backed up by a U.S. ultimatum to the North Koreans, Highee was to dash into Wonsan under heavy air cover and staked to the thing to the thing the thi

That higher authority was Lyndon Johnson. As the destroyers headed out, the President called a conference in the White House with top military and foreign-affairs aides. The advice Johnson received was simply: Don't do it. Johnson wholeheartedly concurred. Said he: "I don't want another war." One participant recalls that there was little debate. "On this one," he says, "there were no hawks, there were no doves. It was unanimous. Apart from the danger of starting another war with North Korea, it was obvious to the President and his advisers that the rescue attempt would almost certainly result in the immediate death of Pueblo's crew.'

Decuments or Lives? Last week's hearings gave Pueblo's men the first opportunity to show their devotion to their skipper, Commander Lloyd ("Pete") Bucher. Without exception, they substantially corroborated Bucher's testimony that the ship could not have been defended. The hearings did not go as well for two other officers, however.

Lieut. Stephen R. Harris, who was in charge of Pueblo's highly classified research spaces, was called on to explain his failure to destroy mounds of classified documents that ultimately fell into North Korean hands. Harris testified that he did not have enough weighted bags to sink the documents. When one man was wounded by machine-gun fire as he tried to toss one of the bags overboard, Harris decided to keep the men inside to try to burn the documents. The lack of time, the confusion, and the smoke from smoldering documents on the deck made his mission impossible, he said. However, two other officers testified that they had been able to destroy classified documents under their control. And despite the machinegun fire, they said, they had ventured on deck and had not been hit.

The issue was made even more confusing by a Navy intelligence expert, Captain John H. D. Williams. He maintained that every scrap of classified paper on Pueblo, all 2,000 pounds of it, could and should have been destroyed. Williams said that the entire crew should have been released from general quarters to carry the material into one nonessential compartment. There it could have been doused in gasoline and burned. An icy, self-assured officer, Williams made it clear that in his opinion Bucher and Harris had all the destruction equipment they needed. All that was missing was the ingenuity to do the job. And, he indicated, that task in his view was more important than saving sailors' lives.

No Air Cover. As serious as Williams' implications were, even more damaging was the fact that Rear Admiral Frank L. Johnson, then Commander of Naval Forces, Japan, had knowingly failed to provide available air cover for the vessel. The details were not made public, but when Pueblo's sister surveillance ship, U.S.S. Banner, had earlier cruised off North Korea, Admiral Johnson requested half a dozen or more Air Force F-105 fighters for air cover. The fighters were flown from Okinawa to South Korea, where they were kept on "strip alert," ready they were kept on "strip alert," to go to Banner's aid. Inexplicably, Admiral Johnson did not request the same protection for Pueblo, which was stationed far closer to the Korean mainland. Instead, the F-105s remained on stand-by alert on Okinawa, 900 miles from the hapless spy ship. It was no excuse that, even if the aircraft had been ready to defend Pueblo, Lyndon Johnson might well have refused them permission to take off for the very same reason that he embargoed the Navv's 19th century-style rescue mission.

# ENVIRONMENT: TRAGEDY IN OIL

I looked like a massive, inflamed abscess bursting with reddish-brown pus. The huge bubble of oil and natural gas boiling up from beneath the surface of Santa Barbara. Channel at a rate of almost 1,000 gallons an hour spilled across the blue water for eleven days. It finally coated an area of at least 400 square miles and fouled 40 miles of incomparable benefit from with acrid, of the comparable benefit from with acrid, of the son, flying over the despoiled sea, found the fumes noxious at 1,000 feet.

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waiting trucks.

On the misty horizon, 51 miles off shore, 100 oil workers struggled desperately on Union Oil Co.'s 150-ft.high Platform A, beneath which oil was leaking steadily from a fissure in the ocean floor, Barges carrying 15,000 barrels of sealant were towed to the platform, where the crew pumped the plasticlike substance down into a 3,500-ft. hole in the ocean's bottom at a rate of 1,500 barrels an hour. For days, capping efforts had been stymied by high seas, and escaping oil had continued to spread out from the long-legged rig at the rate of three miles per hour, cutting a devastating swath through the water.

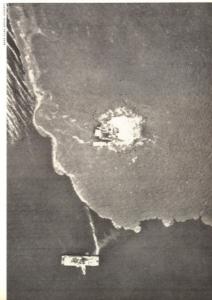
Threatened Haven, Sca life and birds suffered a sad fate, Cormorants and grebes dived into the oily swells for fish, most never to surface alive, All along the mucky shoreline, birds lay dead or dving, unable to raise their oilsoaked feathers. Survivors were rushed to one or three centers nearby to be cleaned in a chemical solution, then carefully wrapped to stave off pneumonia and placed in warm pens to recover. Of the more than 500 birds brought in by week's end, two-thirds had survived. The fouled waters threatened thousands of rookeries on the Santa Barbara Islands, haven for the sea elephant, the Guadalupe fur seal (once thought extinct) and the rare sea otter.

Almost as worrisome to conservationists were the chemicals dropped from planes and boats to disperse and dissolve the slick. Botanist Michael Neushul of the University of California recalled the 1937 breakup off Baja Calfornia of the tanker Tampico, which dumped 59,000 brartls of diesel oil into the Pacilic and "utterly impovershed anther the proper of the contrying crude—spilled 100,000 tons into the English Channel, 90% of the animal loss was caused by detergents used to clean up the oil. As for Santa Barbara. Neushul figures that such grazing organisms as limpets and abalones are in the greatest danger. Even as he spoke, oil emulsified by the surf sank to the bottom, killing lobsters, sea urchins, mussels, clams and some fish. Inevitably, and some fish. Inevitably, and the surface of the

Nothing to Feor. In 1967, Santa Barbara officials, fearing that oil rigs offshore would pollute local waters, persuaded the Interior Department to create a two-mile buffer zone beyond the state's demarcation line where no drilling could take place. When oil slicks began to appear along the shoreline last year. Santa Barbara begged then Secretary of Interior Stewart Udall for an extension of the buffer, which would have encompassed the area occupied by the Union Oil rig and avoided the present disaster. Udall assured the town officials that the Federal Government would keep a close eye on the drilling. "Always, Interior and oil officials led us to believe we had nothing to fear, says Santa Barbara County Supervisor George Clyde. The Government, of course, profited by the drilling; last year it made \$1.6 billion in rentals, royalties and bonus payments from the Santa Barbara concession. The block that included the leaky Union well was good for \$61.4 million in bonus revenues to the Federal Government.

Expanding Mass. The management of Union Oil Co. was understandably reticent about divulging fully what went wrong on Platform A, which it managed in consortium with Gulf, Mobil and Tex-

UNION OIL PLATFORM IN SANTA BARBARA CHANNEL SURROUNDED BY DISCHARGE



aco. After getting permission to cut some corners from the U.S. Geological Survey, an arm of the Interior Department that has the responsibility of enforcing federal laws governing drilling, Union Oil went ahead and drilled A-21. Having burrowed down 3,500 ft. below the ocean floor, the riggers than began to retrieve the pipe in order to replace a drill bit. At a point during the withdrawal, the "mud," which is constantly pumped into the well to maintain pressure, became dangerously inadequate for the job. The well blew. An initial attempt to cap the hole was successful, but that led to a tremendous buildup of pressure. The expanding mass widened a fissure, and the released gas and oil bubbled and boiled through the crack and up 700 ft. to the surface. Essentially, when the fateful fissure occurred. Union was operating below regular federal-and far below California-standards.

While known in Southern California as "the go-go company," Union also



has picked up something of a reputation as a polluter. Only two weeks ago, the company was accused of dumping 1,500 barrels of crude into the Santa Ana River after a mud slide broke a pipeline. Twice in 1967, the company was brought up on violations of California fish and game statutes for polluting Los Angeles harbor. Indeed, its competitors complain that Union is giving the industry a bad name. After the disaster, representatives of oil companies operating rigs off Santa Barbara met quietly to decide, as one participant put it, whether "to take the drop from the gallows together." Reluctantly, they agreed to back Union-at least for the time

For Richard Nixon, who has had little time to act on the strong recommendations of his environmental task force, the Santa Barbara disaster was a reminder of the ineffective, 15-year-old laws that rule offshore drilling. Nixon promised to put fresh teeth in federal regulations "so that this kind of incident will not occur again." But his Secretary of the Interior did little to reinforce the President's pledge, Nixon had sent Walter Hickel to the disaster area in a presidential jet. At first, Hickel impressed Santa Barbarans by persuading all oil companies in the area to suspend operations. Then, inexplicably, Hickel reversed himself, only to re-reverse his stand two days later and close the rigs down again. Hickel's ambivalence and his defense of Union Oil infuriated conservationists, who noted that the Secretary had close relations with the oil industry while Governor of Alaska. Nor were the citizens of the oilsoaked town reassured. "I have the feeling," said Fred Eissler of the Sierra Club, "that if Hickel walked into Santa Barbara right now, the people would tar and feather him. And God knows,

we have plenty of both.

Mother Earth. Much the same reception greeted Union Oil President Fred Hartley when he traveled to Washington last week to appear before the Senate Public Works subcommittee on air and water pollution. Hartley, who is a blunt, short-tempered executive, had dismissed the tragedy as "Mother Earth letting the oil come out." At the hearings, the Senators were already grumbling that the Interior Department had not bothered to send a representative. Hartley did not help his cause by say-"I'm amazed at the publicity for the loss of a few birds." Most heated were his exchanges with Maine's conservation-minded Edmund Muskie, but it appeared that the Senator would have the last word. The Democrat's Water Quality Improvement bill, which was waylaid during the 90th Congress, was given a much better chance of passage in the wake of the Santa Barbara foulup. Even the American Petroleum Institute, which had represented the industry in fighting the bill, now gave its blessings. Among other things, the bill would subject ships and installations, such as oil rigs, to fines as high as \$5,000 for spillage. Willful violators would be liable for damage up to \$15 million. Moreover, rigs would have to meet quality standards of the state or interstate control agency

By week's end, oil workers had managed to seal the well off Santa Barbara with concrete, making it finally as dead as the multitude of creatures, from sea urchins to seals, that it had doomed. Facing Union was a brace of lawsuits, notably one for \$1.3 billion on behalf of all damaged parties, and another by California's attorney general. During eleven days, the well had spouted more than 200 thousand gallons. Drilling will doubtless resume quickly, but it may take years before the ecological balance of Santa Barbara bay is restored.

The ugly mess suggested that the existing legal controls that guide offshore drilling are inadequate, out-of-date and too easily circumvented. The oil industry, of course, is by no means the only or the most consistent contaminator of the environment, but its accidents are seldom small ones. However tragic the circumstances, the case for strong, and strongly enforced, new anti-pollution legislation has never been made more forcefully.













# SKYJACKING

# To Catch a Thief

With contemptuous ease, skyjackers continue to make flying practically anywhere in the Americas a dubious and dangerous venture.

Last week yet another Miami-bound Eastern Airlines flight was forced to fly to Havana, the ninth American plane to be commandeered so far this year; on the same day another attempt was aborted when two youths were fooled into capture. They were convinced by the pilot that the plane did not have enough fuel to reach Cuba, and when the jet landed at Miami, FBI agents arrested the pair. Two days later, a Colombian airliner en route to Medellín. Colombia, was taken over and forced to fly to Santiago de Cuba by a Co-

Helpful Hints. As serious as the situation is, there is a light side. Hundreds of suggestions have flooded the Federal Aviation Administration offering helpful hints to halt the hijacking, indicating that the American public is always anxious to help. Sometimes too anxious. One letter writer recommends stripping passengers nude on flights headed for Miami "so that everybody can see everything and nobody can hide a weapon." Another suggests that only the sexiest stewardesses should be assigned to southbound flights so that, if the need arose, they could seduce the skviacker in mid-air.

Where sex failed, sentiment might succeed. One proposal is that the flight captain make a standard announcement before takeoff appealing to the better nature of a would-be skyjacker: "Folks,"



# More than a Man in the Dock

For two headline-filled years. New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison has made it clear that his assassinationconspiracy case against Businessman Clay Shaw involves another, unnamed defendant: the Warren Commission. To prove his contention that Shaw and others had been part of a plot to shoot President Kennedy, Garrison needed to disprove the commission's findings that Lee Harvey Oswald had acted "alone and unassisted" on November 22, 1963. He also hinted often that elements of the Federal Government itself-particularly the CIA-were somehow involved in the assassination. Last week, as testimony in the case finally started. Garrison won the right to put on trial both of his defendants-the named and the unnamed

The breakthrough for Garrison came in what will probably be one of his few courtroom appearances, since he leaves most trial work to assistants. While the jury and two alternates were being chosen (an all-male group with eleven whites, three Negroes, only two college graduates among them), Garrison entered the Orleans Parish Criminal courtroom just once, and then only as

a spectator. With the jury finally sworn in. Garrison wanted to make certain that the trial started off with all the scope and drama that he deems appropriate. He went to the front of the dimly lit, 38-ft-high courtroom, drew himself up to all of his 6-ft. 6-in, height and confidently intoned a 42-minute opening statement.

Feel for Pageantry. "We will later offer evidence concerning the assassi-nation in Dealey Plaza in Dallas," said Garrison, "because it confirms the existence of a conspiracy and because it confirms the significance and relevance of the planning which occurred in New Orleans." Defense Attorney F. Irvin Dymond immediately objected that "the actual assassination has no place in this case." He was quickly overruled by Judge Edward Haggerty, a raspy-voiced jurist who has displayed as much feel for sweep and pageantry as Garrison; he had introduced the jurors to the press by parading them around a motel swimming pool. Said Haggerty: "I can't tell the state how to run its case, if

they want to overprove it. The only Garrison eyewitness who bore any relevance to a conspiracy was Perry Russo, who is an insurance agent. In a preliminary hearing, Russo claimed to have overheard Shaw, who is the retired managing director of the New Orleans International Trade Mart-and was named the Outstanding Citizen of New Orleans in 1965-discussing the assassination with Oswald and the late David Ferrie, a former airline pilot who is also accused in Garrison's case. As a star witness, Russo left something to be desired: he did not remember some of the most incriminating details until after he had been hypnotized



lombian airport guard who idolized the late Che Guevara.

Frustrated by their inability to stop the stream of airborne thefts, the Federal Government has now turned to the one man who can put a halt to the hazardous hijackings to Cuba: Fidel Castro. Since the U.S. has had no diplomatic relations with Cuba since early 1961, the State Department is conducting talks with Castro indirectly through the Mexican government and the Swiss embassy in Havana. Agreements Sought, These discus-

sions so far have not been able to achieve what most lawyers and airline executives think would be the most effective deterrent to the crimes: a bilateral agreement between Cuba and the U.S. to return skyjackers to Amerin sentences ranging from 20 years' imprisonment to death. However, they may at least result in the swifter return of the skyjacked passengers, crews and planes. Frank Loy, deputy assistant secretary of state for transportation and telecommunications, told a congressional committee last week that Castro is "fed up" with the skyjackings. If they continue at their present rate, he said, the Cuban government "may adopt measures of its own" to stop them.

the message goes, "we have lots of sick people aboard today, all bound for their health to the sun of Miami, and we don't wish to cause them any distress. A science-oriented writer suggests gradually depressurizing the cabin until all the passengers, including the skylacker, lose consciousness due to a lack of oxygen. Or maybe the crew could spray a small dose of a tranquilizer into the passenger area, turning the culprit-along with everyone else-into a contented, harmless heap. Still another suggestion is that the guns firing darts dipped in tranquilizers to fell animals without injury be used on airline pirates. More elaborate is a recommendation to construct a bogus airport south of Miami to resemble Havana's José Martí International. Plastered with Bienvenido a la Habana signs and staffed by Cuban refugees, the airfield presumably would fool skyjackers long enough to ensure their arrest upon landing.

For the time being, however, the airlines will stick to their present procedure of avoiding airborne disaster by giving the sky pirate what he wants-a free trip to Havana. And the Government will continue its efforts to change Cuba from a haven for skyjackers into a nonscheduled stop with a return flight to a federal penitentiary.



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America's recessed filter cigarette.

# Why 100 Pipers?



Seagram wouldn't settle for less.



CHARLES SPIESEL
Trying some unnamed defendants too.

and shot with truth serum by Gar-

rison's investigators.

Arresting Testimony. Suddenly, the state had a "mystery witness." He was Charles Spiesel, a New York tax accountant who told of sitting around a kitchen table at a French Quarter apartment in June 1963 and listening to a group of men, including Shaw and Ferrie, talk of shooting Kennedy. Shaw, said Spiesel, "seemed to be amused at the conversation" and at one point speculated that "somebody could probably fly him [the killer] out." It was arresting testimony-or at least it would have been if Spiesel, in more than two hours of withering cross-examination, had not revealed a few erratic episodes in his own past.

They included the filing of lawsuits against the city of New York, a psychiatrist, the Pinkerton detective agency and several policemen for putting him under "hypnotic" spells. In one suit, Spiesel said this harassment had caused him to sell a business under duress and prevented him from engaging in normal sexual relations. At the defense's request, Spiesel led the jury, judge, defendant, attorneys and a mob of 350 newsmen and spectators on a hunt for the apartment where he alleged that he met Shaw. After examining two buildings, he testified in court that one "was similar if not the same.

The state's most convincing performance was an attempt to place Shaw, Ferrie and Oswald together in the small town of Clinton, La. (pop. 1,568) in late August or early September, 1963. Employees of the East Louislana State Hospital testified that Oswald Iried to the State of th

a Negro voting-registration drive. Both Town Marshal John Manchester and Corrie Collins, a Negro who was leading the voter drive, testified that they had seen Oswald in a Cadillac limousine that also carried Shaw and Ferrie. Their nearly corriborative testimony was in absolute conflict with the defense contention that Shaw Tweet Insew was in the conflict with the defense contention that Shaw Tweet Insew in the conflict of the conflict of the concommon ground for two men who had little in common in 1963: Marshal chester and ex-Civil Rights Leader Collins drove off from court together.

Show Goes On. Still, the evidence from Clinton hardly proves the existence of a conspiracy. Garrison promised to back up his contention that Shaw was part of a plot with "documentary and photographic" evidence-plus testimony from witnesses to the assassination, possibly including Texas' ex-Governor John Connally, who was wounded in the gunfire that killed Kennedy. That kind of drama is precisely what the defensewhich needs only to raise doubt about a single man's participation in a plottried unsuccessfully to avoid. It may also be what the jury is most interested in hearing. At any rate, as Garrison's show got on, Clay Shaw, chain-smoking and intently taking notes, studied the proceedings with the gaze of a man who has not yet figured out what has happened to him.

# CALIFORNIA

# The Ronnie Show

The Ronnie Show was really a preview of California's gubernatorial elections, 20 months off, Reagan, who had previously hinted that he would be a candidate for a second term, sweetened his prospects on TV by informing Californians that his 1969-70 budget would vield them a one-time, across-the-board tax cut of 10%. It would come, conveniently, on next year's tax bill, for which Californians will be filing returns at just about the time Reagan's race would begin in earnest. Not to be outdone, Assembly Minority Leader Jesse Unruh, who seems likely to oppose the Governor, demanded that the tax rebate be applied this year.

Reagan has been under intense pressure to provide some kind of tax relief since he pushed through a \$1 billion 1967 tax increase—up 25% over the

previous year—whose provisions this middle-income brackets hardest. He claimed that the additional funds were necessary to pas for the prodigal spending of his predecessor, Pat Brown, but no amount of apologizing could gain-say the fact that he had run on a pledge to keep the cost of government down. Instead, it has gone steadily up: the cost of government down the cost of government between the cost of government down. Instead, it has gone steadily up: the cost years apollogies the produces and the cost of the cost of government down that has done the cost of the

Looking tanned and relaxed in the taped appearance, Reagan explained that all increases next year are 'fully necessary' to cover increases in the population and inflation. Then, announcing the \$100 million income tax reduction, he beamed proudly: 'I believe we have started what we hope will be a new trend in government finances.''

Financial Fine Point, Democrat Unruh dismissed the plan as a "fraud" on the ground that all of the surplus-due partly to Reagan-imposed economies, partly to an inflationary increase in revenues-will be on hand at the end of the current fiscal year (June 30). Whether or not that should entitle taxpayers to collect it on this year's tax returns (filing deadline: April 15) may be a fine point of finance, but Unruh was the first to admit that it mattered a great deal politically. "He has no right," he objected, "to keep it in the state treasury just so he'll look good as a tax cutter in an election year." He hinted that Democrats might tie up passage of the bud-get in the Assembly unless it is more to their liking. Since 13 Democratic votes are needed for passage, that was no empty threat.



REAGAN AT 58TH BIRTHDAY PARTY Sweetening his prospects for 1970,

# THE WORLD

# THE MIDDLE EAST: COMMITMENT AND RESISTANCE

SINCE the Arab-Israeli war of 1967,
the single most important element
the string of the transportant element
the string of the U.S.
Last week, 20 months after the war,
Washington began a round of bilateral
talks at the United Nations aimed at exeploring common ground for a settlement. If that provided a sense of diplomatic
movement at last, it was also a tacit admission that the Johnson Administration's policy of letting the two sides
work out their differences themselves is
work out their differences themselves is
the move committed the U.S. to the
move committed the U.S. to the

the U.S. has been far too content to do nothing. That policy is exactly what the Israelis prescribe, since they feel that time is on their side in forcing the Arabs to deal with them directly. Polestinian Power. Negotiations are

ricestinian 7 ower. Negotiations are likely to be painfully slow, not only because of the vast gulf between the Arab and Israeli positions but also because of the sheer number of participants: the U.S., Russia, Britain, France, Israel, Egypt and Jordan, plus the U.N.'s Jarring, Yet the diplomats already face a stiff penalty for delay in the fast-rising political power of the one interest.

the guerrilla movement. Even so, Arafat's election did nothing to bridge the rift between El Fatah and the rival fedayeen organizations that boycotted the conference, notably the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine and the Palestine Liberation Army.

Whether Arafat can heal those rivalries remains to be seen, but he has powerful support. Two weeks ago, on a visit to Algeria, President Houari Boumediene presented him with a check for an undisclosed amount, declaring, "We say to everyone, 'Stop the bargaining.' Palestine belongs to the Palestinians and no Arab country has the

estinians and no Arab country has the right to bargain the Palestinian cause." That view reflects Arafat's own: "Let the big powers decide what they wish, but the Palestinians have made their decision, and that decision springs from the gun." Arafat is contemptuous of the U.N. mission: "Jarring? We haven't been introduced."

Another Front, So far this winter, Arafat's fedayeen have been severely handicapped by the worst storms in half a century, Sonov and rain have half a century, Sonov and rain have er to unfordable levels. In consequence, the terrorists have concentrated mainly on the Gaza Strip, where two greandes att week wounded nine Araba and Israeli troops were called out to quell a roll by more han 2000 slegan-shout. on the properties of the strip of the strip were injured. But Arafat is well on his way to opening another guerrilla front

in Lebanon. In a heated discussion, Lebanese authorities refused Arafat permission to operate from their territory, turning down his offer to fortify border villages and defend them with his own men. Nonetheless, in the past few weeks, some 500 fedayeen-according to both El Fatah and Israeli sources, for once in agreement-have infiltrated the rocky. mountainous region of southern Lebanon. So far the Lebanese have been unwilling to risk the political consequences of expelling them. The fedayeen need now only wait for improving weather to begin operations and quite possibly spark Israeli reprisals, just as talks at the U.N. should be well under way.

The fedayeen are not subject to diplomatic pressure, as are established governments. Last week Baghdad, obvously surprised by the worldwide outery over the display of 14 corpes (including the display of 14 corpes (including limited to the display of the display of the limited to the display of the display of the limited to the display of the display of the gineer Paul Bail, who had been held on trumped-up charges of spying. And President Hassan al-Bakir announced that forthcoming spy trials will involve that lorbicoming spy trials will involve of 2.500 Jews.



Decisions spring from the barrel of a gun.

first step down a long and obstaclestrewn diplomatic road.

The hostile nations of the Middle East greeted the new move warily, since direct big-power participation in the search for a settlement will inevitably bring weight to bear on them to make concessions. Israelis took some comfort from the avowed U.S. intention to bolster the mission of U.N. Special Representative Gunnar Jarring, and expected no change in Washington's support for a "contractual" rather than an "imposed" solution. But they did worry that the U.S. would seek to influence Israel to vacate the conquered Arab territories. "We may find ourselves faced by political pressures of a nature never encountered during the previous administrations," warned Israel's leading daily, Ha'aretz, "We had better be prepared to withstand it." For precisely the same reason, Arab countries welcomed Washington's more active role in a region where, so far as they are concerned, group that will not be represented, the Palestinian fedayeen commandos. In any settlement, the Israelis will insist that Arab government curb fedayeen within their own borders, something that they are increasingly unable to do. Moreover, Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser and Jortate with the fedayeen in effect looking over their shoulders, adamantly opposed to any settlement at all.

Welcoming delegates to the Palestine National Council, which met in Cairo last week, Nasser promised the fedayeen 'unfinited moral and material support, 'unfinited moral and material support, 105-member council, which considers it. 961 a Parliament in exile for the Palestifianiss, elected as its chairman Yaser Arafat (That Cover, Dec. 13), spokesman for El Patah, the largest femilianism of the Palestine State of the Palestine him the Palestinian's official representative to Arab governments and the collection agent for their contributions to



DE GAULLE TOURING BRITTANY

# FRANCE

Toward Regionalism

When Allied troops stormed ashore at Normandy in 1944, the French Resistance there cut all telephone lines to Paris in an attempt to hamstring the Wehrmacht's response. The Germans, however, failed to realize that the lines had been put out of action, so the action of the property of the control of the property of th

In an incisive study of France's problems today entitled The New French Revolution, British Journalist John Artaghp tonis out that "Paris over the centuries has sucked the blood out of the provinces." Things were set up that Revolution, when the nation was chopped into nearly 100 illogically arranged departments with the firm intention of making every local decision dependent upon Parisian whims. That it can be receed, not a centime spent, used to the continue that the continue of the cont

Flocking Alsaciens. Charles de Gaulle hopes to change the situation. Decentralization of power has become his single most urgent domestic program, and with good reason. At least 85% of French industry is concentrated in the area east of a line drawn from Caen in the northwest to Marseille on the Mediterranean. So is the bulk of the population. Because jobs are far more plentiful in Paris than in the provinces, hundreds of thousands of auvergnats, alsaciens, savoyards and bretons have flocked to the capital. Its traffic density is even more paralyzing than Manhattan's: the broad boulevards and narrow streets are constantly jammed by cursing motorists. Finding a parking place for one's *Deux Chevaux* (or even one's motorbike) is becoming as difficult as scaling the Eiffel Tower.

To meet these challenges and save Paris from choking to death, De Gaulle last week called for a national referendum this spring on his plans to increase regional power. In preparation for the vote, Gaullist planners propose to split France into 21 "economic review of the property of th

Almost Certain Approval. Each region will be governed by a Paris-appointed prefect, but his decisions will be made in coordination with proposed

elected deputies, representatives of local communes and departments, and appointed officials such as chamber of commerce presidents. These councils will levy local taxes, prepare local budgets and plan conomic development. If the plan is approved in the forthsens almost commend that approval seems almost corner and that approval seems almost corner to the presonality," as French Technocrat Louis Armad once put it, "without having to do it through that monster that is Paris."

# PORTUGAL

Salazar Goes Home

Six months ago, Portuguese Dictator António de Oliveira Salazar took a nasty spill at his summer residence, São João do Estoril, when a deck chair collapsed under him. Soon after an operation for a blood clot on his brain a few weeks later, he sank into a coma that kept him near death. His govermment stood by uneasily, waiting for his recovery. By September, the medical prognosis was that he would never be able to resume his duties, and Law-

yer Marcello Caetano became Premier. Last week Salazar, 79, and ruler of his country for nearly 40 years, returned from the hospital to his residence in Lisbon's São Bento Palace. There were no stately ceremonies, no cheering throngs, Instead, he arrived unheralded in a police ambulance, to be greeted by two of his old aides. Salazar himself, still partially paralyzed and suffering from seriously impaired speech and perception, is not vet aware that he was replaced as Premier. For his homecoming, the stricken old statesman needed only one piece of luggage: an ancient suitcase, which he is said to have carried when he entered Coimbra University as a student nearly 60



SALAZAR LEAVING HOSPITAL IN AMBULANCE No stately ceremonies, no cheering throngs.

# WESTERN EUROPE

Pulling Apart

Grand dreams of European unity have dimmed in recent years, buffeted by resurgent nationalism. "Integration is like a bicycle," says Walter Hallstein, the former president of the European Economic Community and one of the fervid dreamers. "You either move on or you fall off." Giovanni Agnelli, chairman of Fiat, describes the present arrangement of economic partnership without political integration in lustier Italian metaphor. "There is not yet a united Europe. As law scholars would say, the marriage among European countries was not consummated."

British Author Anthony Sampson, who dissected his own country seven years ago, in Anatomy of Britain, has inspected this platonic marriage in an-

as well as the allure of anti-Americanism. For his own lifetime, at least, he has blocked the dream of fellow Frenchman Jean Monnet for a United States of Europe. De Gaulle is by no means Europe's only neo-nationalist leader, Strauss and the West Germans played some of the same tunes of glory recently when they refused to revalue the Deutsche Mark in order to aid the

Economic Reversal, Sociologically as well as politically, Sampson found, Europe's pulls are mainly away from union. Television, for instance, unifies mostly in the sense that more and more Europeans hum the same pop tunes. Newspapers still tend to mirror only their own narrow societies. Nor do Europe's armies of tourists represent the first wave of a new pan-Europeanism. "The obsession of the new mass tourism is

aprostate

BRITISH CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF RESURGENT FRENCH NATIONALISM "Things could be worse, mon vieux-we could be British!"

other volume, The New Europeans. Unless radical changes of attitude take place, Sampson believes, European integration has reached its high-water mark. Says he: "Western Europe, shorn of overseas commitments and empires and protected by the American umbrella [of ICBMs] is a continent without a cause. In this situation, its components are very likely to reassert themselves."

Political Cosmonaut. European nationalism seemed to die in the agonies of the most recent war it helped cause. Yet it has become once again the dominant political emotion in Europe. No one has rekindled "la gloire" more assiduously than Charles de Gaulle, When Sampson interviewed Franz Josef Strauss, West Germany's Finance Minister mocked De Gaulle the diplomat as "a cross between Joan of Arc and a political cosmonaut." Yet, as Sampson notes. De Gaulle has "taken full advantage of the glamour of nationalism"

not to see a new country but to find two commodities: the sun and the sea. In Sampson's opinion, even the automobile, Europe's latest symbol of liberation and status, provides a chrometrimmed distraction from serious subjects, including the concept of unity.

Economics was a major factor in drawing Europe closer, but Sampson argues that that has changed. The EEC was conceived after Monnet persuaded Europeans to pool their coal and steel. Coal has now been replaced as an essential fuel by nuclear power, oil or natural gas. As a result, Europeans are rethinking their energy needs in narrow national terms.

In Sampson's opinion, European industry has rejected the lure of unity. Sampson sees Fiat's recent takeover of French Citroën as an exception, not a trend. Intra-European mergers are discouraged by the ancient special relationships between many large companies

and their governments or by a maze of outmoded corporate law. More than that, European businessmen still do not really trust one another. Given a choice, they prefer to merge, if at all, with U.S. firms rich in technology and capital and free of old prejudices

The U.S., contends Sampson, shares the blame for Europe's lagging unity. U.S. postwar policy was based largely on the assumption that there would be an eventual union of Western European nations. Yet the U.S., says Sampson, impedes progress as much as anyone, Americans who live on the Continent make too few efforts to intermingle. Their private lives are clannish ("Frankfurt is the capital of Euro-America"). they are poor linguists, and "their real power, like that of the British in Victorian India, stems from their capacity to animate the natives." NATO could have become the basis of a strong European defense industry, argues Sampson. Instead, it became a profitable market for U.S. fighter planes, rockets and

electronic gear. Though not anti-American, Sampson is upset by the U.S. impact on European tastes and values. As an alternative to American cultural and economic patterns, he feels that Europe must become strong and interrelated enough to shape its own destiny, evolve its own distinctive societies. His plan of action is typically British: admit Britain to the Common Market, Britain's attractions, he says, are trade experience, political stability, a potentially strong industry and "a dowry of research." The British, moreover, could help cope with "the German problem," which is the author's term for a renascent German nationalism that many Europeans dread, All that, of course, is true, and British admission would probably be a good thing. Even so, Sampson may overestimate Britain's ability to alter Europe's basic trend. No longer a world power, plagued by sterling crises and looking ever more inward, today's Britain displays many of the same narrow tendencies that Sampson finds so disheartening in Europe as a whole.

### RUSSIA

A Speculative Silence

There is an uneasy mood in Moscow these days, caused by reverberations from the shots fired by a would-be assassin at the cosmonauts' parade in the Kremlin last month. In a country that is purposefully fed warnings of constant plots, the official Soviet dismissal of the gunman as a schizophrenic has not put the Russians at ease. Twice in Soviet history, assassination attempts have served as a pretext for savage repression. The unsuccessful attempt on Lenin in 1918 triggered the Red Terror, in which thousands of Russians fell before Bolshevik firing squads; the killing of Politburo Member Sergei Kirovcarried out in 1934 on secret orders from Stalin-set off the great purges,

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GOOD YEAR

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in which millions died and millions more were sent to labor camps.

A Provocation. So far, there is no sign that the recent shooting will be used for similar purposes. But Russians are alarmed by the Tass description of the event as "a provocation." In Communist jargon, that is the term for an anti-Soviet political act that is usually the result of a conspiracy and consequently calls for se-

vere countermeasures. The government's silence on the attacker's motives has not helped matters. Some teachers in Moscow schools told their pupils last week that the gunman was a rejected cosmonaut who had a grudge against his successful colleagues. Other Russians say that the gunman was a member of a conspiracy and that his target was Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev. In fact, there is speculation that the gunman fired on the auto carrying Cosmonaut Georgy Beregovoy because his heavy jowls and bushy evebrows resemble those of Brezhnev. The most prevalent rumor in Moscow has it that the shooting was the result of a plot by the Soviet military chiefs to kill the civilian leaders and seize control. Another version is that the shooting was part of a KGB (secret police) plot to buttress the argument of Kremlin hawks that the country needs to be placed under sterner rule.

Soviet officials have retused even to release the name of the prisoner. One report identifies him as an army engineer internant in his twenties named llyin, who comes from Lenngrad—where Kithe shooting, the Kermlin leaders failed to show up at the ceremonies in Leningrad that marked the 25th anniversary of the lifting of the city's World War It signed, many fasting the proposed of the lifting of the city's World War It signed, many fasting the proposed of the for supposedly spawning another asassimation comparison.

According to some reports, two days before the Kremlin incident, the young lieutenant deserted his unit, taking his pistol with him. Reaching Moscow the day before the celebration for the Soyuz-4 and Soyuz-5 cosmonauts, he spent the night at the home of his sister. The next morning he borrowed his brother-in-law's police uniform, extended the control of the state of the control of the state of the control of the state of the state

Kremlin Procedent. Dressed as a policenan, Ilyin would have been able to station himself in the front row of spectators, just inside the Kremlin's ornate Borovitsky Gate, shooing back anyone who might have interfered with his field of fire. Another, more spectacular version maintains that the gumman was dressed as a member of the elite Kremini Guard and lunged from a sentry box well inside the Kremlin's security cordno to fire at the motorcade.

Since a fake Kremlin guard would in all likelihood have been spotted and unmasked by a real one before the motorcade's arrival, the implication is that the attacker actually was a Kremlin guard. This assumption has a historical procedent. In an event that was kept extremely quiet, a Kremlin guard fired at Premier Nikita Khrushchev in 1962, but the bullet missed him.

The truth about last month's shooting may never be known. Soviet authorities any that after the investigation is completed, the assailant will be brought to trial. Even in the unlikely event that the trial is open to the public, the accused will undoubtedly recite only the testimony that he has been instructed to give. But that, of course, would only buttress the suspicion that the facts are something quite different, thus heightning Moscow's mood of unease.



DEFECTOR LIAO HO-SHU

# ESPIONAGE From C to Z

It was 4:30 on a cold January morning, no time for a self-respecting resident of The Hague to be on the streets, and the desk sergeant at police headquarters was baffled by the middle-aged Chinese, clad in pajamas and raincoat, who stood before him. From the mixture of broken Dutch and poor English, the problem resolved itself: the man was Liao Ho-shu, 46, interim chief of Communist China's mission in The Netherlands, and he wanted police protection. After some delay, he was turned over to the Dutch BVD (security police), who whisked him off for interrogation at a spacious, secluded castle called "Hoge Veluwe." "He told us his story from A to C," a Dutch official said later, "but he probably wants to tell the Americans everything from C to Z."

The Americans were happy to oblige, for Liao, in addition to his administrative duties at the mission, was a top intelligence officer. Within hours, a top-ranking, Chinese-speaking Cla agent arrived to join in the questioning. Liao told the ClA man that he wanted to go to the States, and dat week to be considered to go to the States, and data week complete debriefing in one of the ClA's discret, safe house, and the clA's discret, and the clA's dis

For the West, it was an intelligence windfall of major proportions. Liao is by far the most important Chinese official ever to defect," and Holland's Justice Minister C.H.F. Polak let slip the word that he "knows an unbelievable lot." While Berne and Paris remain the major centers for Chinese espionage in Europe, The Hague plays an important role as a principal communications link for Chinese agents, and Liao's contributions on this aspect are expected to be spellbinding. The net effect of Liao's defection has been to jeopardize a large proportion of China's espionage agents and their various operations in Western Europe.

Ideological Problems. Why did Liao leave? He had served in The Hague since 1963, and thus avoided most of the excesses of the Cultural Revolution. As an economics specialist, he played a role in persuading Dutch businessmen to invest in China, and promotions came routinely. When Peking summoned its senior diplomats home for reindoctrination in 1967. Liao took charge of the mission on a temporary basis. In the past several months, he began to suspect that his ideological correctness had come into question; he was being carefully watched by his subordinates. There were reports that in recent weeks Liao had cautiously begun attempts to make contacts with American intelligence, with a view to escaping. Adding to his concern was the impending arrival of a Chinese freighter in Rotterdam: the embassy had scheduled an on-board party, and Liao feared that, if he attended, he would not be allowed to go back ashore. His decision was clear, and led him to the police headquarters in the middle of the night.

Liao's loss is expected to set off another round of witch hunting in China's foreign service. There was some concern that the U.S.-China talks scheduled to resume in Warawo on Feb. 20 Richard Nixon as a "jackal" and demanded that Liao be returned. Repercusions against Liao's family (a wife and two children) back in China could be expected, although there were reports that they had been sunuggled be move.

Others include Chao Fu, a security officer who quit the Stockholm embassy in 1962; Tung Chi-ping, an assistant cultural attaché at the embassy in Burundi, in 1964; and Miao Chen-pai, an assistant commercial attaché in Damascus, in 1966.

# SOUTH VIET NAM: HUÉ REVISITED

EVERY war leaves to history its par-ticular symbols of destruction— Verdun in the first World War; Coventry, Stalingrad and Dresden in the second. In Viet Nam, the enduring symbol is likely to be Hué, once the imperial capital and long the fountainhead of the country's intellectual and artistic tradition. A year ago, during the Communists' Tet offensive, Hué was battered as was no other city in Viet Nam. It took 26 days of house-tohouse, block-to-block fighting to drive out a tenacious 6,000-man invading Communist force. The U.S. Marines had not fought that way since Seoul in 1950; the South Vietnamese had never experienced sustained street fighting in all their years of war. Some 350 South Vietnamese and U.S. soldiers died in the battle, along with an estimated 4,100 civilians and more than 4,300 Communist troops. When it was over, Hué lay in smoking, putrescent ruin. Some 80% of the city's homes were either destroyed or damaged. Parts of the city were without water and power, and bodies rotted in the streets, nibbled at by rats.

Scors Remoin. A year later, Hule is alive again, filled with barefoot children, busy street vendors, Buddhist priests and swarms of bicycles. But the scars, both physical and psychological, are still there. Reconstruction has been slow—despite more than \$2,000,000 and the efforts of thousands of Vietnamese and Americans. It was not until last August that the effort picked up momentum.

American Seabees opened two bridges across the river to one-way traffic. U.S. and Vietnamese army engineers advised citizens on how to rebuild or repair their homes. The government

pitched in with \$85 allowances, the Americans with metal sheeting and ecment to anyone who wanted to replace his lost home. Hospitals, schools, pagedas and churches were given priority for restoration. By Christmas the Phu Cam cathedral, parily destroyed in the battle, was reopened for Makerrail service to Danang, 75 miles to the south, was restored.

Ducks on the Courts. But much remains to be done. Hundreds of people have refused to start rebuilding. Explains a student: "Some just take the government money and go away. Would you build a new house in Hué?" Of the original 115,000 refugees created by Tet. some 60,000 still subsist in camps. Hué University, once the pride of the old capital, has reopened, although still in temporary quarters. A professor says sadly: "We have more than 3,000 students again. But we are not yet a university. We lack books, facilities and teachers-most of all we lack spirit." At the once gracious Cercle Sportif, ducks waddle across the abandoned, waterlogged tennis courts, and club members sip their apéritifs against a curtain of bullet-pocked walls.

There has been little restoration inside the Citadel, the 21-sq. mi. complex of huge fortified walls, moats and gardens that shields the old Imperial City. The fighting was heaviest inside its walls, and so was the damage. That Correspondent David Greenway, who coved some of the grimment fighting a very consistent of the property of the construction of the construction of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the construction of the construction of the construction of the state of the construction of the c arms and mertar rounds, the Marine muttered, "We sure are shooting the living hell out of them." Outside, a Maine tank grinding through the rubble took a B-40 rocket in the turret and pulled back. The crew climbed out, wounded, and were immediately replaced by others; the new men did not the inside of the tank. The house Greenway took shelter in is empty now, and a woman nearby shrieks at a visitor: "All dead, all dead! Go away."

A little farther on stands a house that at one point in the battle served as the command post for a Marine company. A batch of tired newspapermen, including Greenway, rested there one night during the fighting and someone found a bottle of whisky and passed it around. The owner of the house is back now and, when told about the bottle, she smiles: "I suspected it was the Marines, but I didn't mind," she says, "The ARVN paratroopers took everything, you know. They came around with great sacks and took my husband's clothes, his shirts, his ties, all my clothes. The Viet Cong took nothing."

Pillboxes on the Walls. Strangely enough, the people of Hué rarely blame the Americans for the damage caused by heavy U.S. firepower. Those willing to talk at all criticize both sides, and ultimately blame the war. Next time, they intend to be better prepared. Hué's citizens are hoarding extra stocks of rice and water, and have built professionallooking bunkers in their backyards, using layers and layers of sandbags. Some 12,000 allied troops and 13,000 civilian self-defense men guard the city-compared with a bare 2,500 troops last Tet. The bridges are flanked by bunkers, and the Citadel's blasted walls bristle with squat pillboxes, ready should the war ever again come to Hué.







NEW MARKET B

Enduring symbol of a savage battle.



THIEU & HUONG WITH MONTAGNARDS Mountain dew and déjà vu.

# Highland Reconciliation

Bamboo flutes tweedled, brass gongs thrummed, and Montagnard maidens twisted ceremonial copper bracelets round the wrists of President Nguven Van Thieu, Premier Tran Van Huong and other South Vietnamese dignitaries. Stoically, the visitors sipped from the brimming urns of mnam kpie, a sourtasting homemade rice wine. Then they moved on to lunch in the comfortable former summer residence of exiled Emperor Bao Dai, in the highland provincial capital of Ban Me Thuot, The Saigon dignitaries, together with a host of American officials, were joining in ceremonies marking what they hoped would be the end of a tribal rebellion. It was a gala occasion, albeit marked by a certain sense of déià vu.

Viet Nam's Montagnards have never mixed well with the Vietnamese, who tend to scorn them as savages. French co-Ionial authorities generally left the Montagnards alone. Few Vietnamese display much interest in or knowledge of the roughly 1,000,000 tribesmen living in the remote, heavily jungled high plateaus. The Montagnards take a lot of knowing, for they comprise an extraornumbering at least 20 tribes and many more splinter groupings. They have for centuries resisted the cultural influences of the Sinic and Hindu peoples that have flooded into the Indo-Chinese peninsula. Saigon leaders, from President Ngo Dinh Diem through General Nguyen Khanh and Air Vice Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky, had gone through simto rally the Montagnards to Saigon's cause-without success. Instead, Monaround an organization known as FULRO (Front Unifié de Lutte des Races

Opprimées, or The United Front for the Struggle of Oppressed Races). Determined Drive, FULRO's strength

has been considerably augmented by troopers trained by U.S. Special Forces teams, which since 1963 have been turning tribesmen into skillful jungle fighters in increasing numbers. Once trained and equipped, the "yards" (short for Montagnards) displayed an unhappy tendency to join FULRO when their enlistment was up, feeling that the Saigon government posed more problems for them than the Viet Cong. Last year Saigon officials mounted another determined drive to bring FULRO over to their side, and the Ban Me Thuot ceremonies testified to the partial success of that effort.

At least 2,500 FULRO troopers agreed to end their rebellion, in return for pledges of better treatment from that they would "be accepted with equality. You have returned in justice because your aspirations have been met." The Montagnards will be given a voice in the provincial governments and be allowed their own military units. But there was a distinct cloud over the ceremonies: FULRO Leader Y Bham Enuol, who had reportedly given full assent to the agreement, was the prisoner of a splinter group of FULRO dissidents in the Cambodian capital of Phnom Penh. Without Y Bham, who is venerated by Montagnards, the chances of a genuine reconciliation in the highlands remained tenuous at best.

# TANZANIA

# Murder by the Book

Eduardo Mondlane was a revolutionary, and the Mozambique Liberation Front (Frelimo) he headed was one of black Africa's more effective independence movements. Tall, handsome the bookish academic world heabandoned just six years ago, and it is clear that his enemies knew their man all too well. Last week an experity built bomb killed him as he worked at an American friend's wills in Dare 8 so.

His assassination was the culmination of some 18 months of increasing difficulties within Frelimo's leadership. Mondlane himself, educated in South Africa, Portugal and the U.S. (an Oberlin College graduate, with a Ph.D. from Northwestern University), was damned as a moderate by more radical leaders. Frelimo's military operations in Mozambique reflected these difficulties. The tempo of combat has dropped in recent months, or so the Portuguese claim, but Frelimo's estimated 8,000 welltrained guerrillas (most of them Mozambicans trained in Tanzania and supported from that country) are tying down more than 40,000 Portuguese regulars. The major centers of Frelimo activity are in northern Mozambique,



JANET & EDUARDO MONDLANE (AUGUST 1967)
Enemies in both blocs.

where the rebels fully control three districts: the area around Tete, on the Zambezi River in the northwest and on the Muéda plateau in the north.

As in any guerrilla war, the fighting can be vicious, and Mondlane, a gentle and cultivated man, seemed to some of those he met remarkably out of character as the leader of such a movement. Perhaps his single greatest talent lay in wangling aid from both the Comnumist and capitalist worlds: "I get munist and capitalist worlds: "I get the West." he told a Tistic correspondent last year.

Radical Target, But he had enemies in both ideological blocs as well. He believed that he was marked for death by Portugal's secret police (PIDE), who knew him as the most direct threat to continued Portuguese control over his native Mozambique. He was also a target for radical Mozambicans who look to Communist China for inspiration. In March 1968, angry radicals forced the temporary closing of the Mozambique Institute, headed by Mondlane's American wife Janet, and two months later a Frelimo central committee member was stabbed to death in a pitched battle for control of Frelimo's headquarters in Dar es Salaam.

One of Mondlane's enemies linked to the factional clashes was Father Mateus Gwengere, a militant Catholic priest some the control of the cont

forced to expand the membership of Frelimo's executive committee to pacify his rivals.

PIDE's Death List. Now Frelimo faces another severe internal struggle to choose Mondlane's successor. The leading contenders are Rev. Uria Simango, Mondlane's bearded vice president, and Marcelino dos Santos, his external affairs minister. Simango leans toward Peking, dos Santos toward Moscow, and a prolonged struggle between them could damage Frelimo severely. Nothing, of course, would please Portugal (and PIDE) more, and some Frelimo spokesmen believe that PIDE is behind a plot to wipe out the front's leadership. Certainly, Frelimo leaders have an undisputed penchant for dying of unnatural causes. Only six weeks ago, the deputy chief of Frelimo's armed forces in Mozambique was shot dead under mysterious circumstances, and the murder two years before of a close Mondlane associate has never been solved. Simango himself is said to be on PIDE's death

In Lisbon, the controlled Portuguese press blamed Mondlane's murder on the "extreme left-wing faction." skeptics doubted that version. A source close to Premier Marcello Caetano's government made no secret of his feeling that Mondlane was "a moderate, a man we could eventually talk to, and his disappearance is a loss." In black Africa. the press hailed Mondlane as an outstanding liberation leader, and Tanzanian President Julius Nyerere said that "the best way of crying for him is to increase our efforts for the liberation of Africa." As far as Frelimo goes, at any rate, those efforts have been badly damaged by Mondlane's murder.

# PERU

# Challenging the U.S.

Peru seems headed toward a major diplomatic showdown with the U.S. that could produce serious repercussions throughout South America. It is a high-ly paradoxical crisis that neither side really wants—or can avoid. The dispute centers on a Standard Oil of New Leneys subsidiary, International Petro-leum Co., whose Peruvian oilfields and Ferriery was executed last October by Tenters was research last October of the Company of the Peruvian Country of the Peruvia

Aware of the highly charged nationalistic feelings involved in the I.P.C. case, the U.S. asked only that the junta pay Standard Oil a fair price for I.P.C.'s properties (Peru's Supreme Court had earlier set the figure at \$142 million). If it does not, as the Peruviams well know, the U.S. would be forced under the provisions of the Hickviam well know, the U.S. would be forced under the provisions of the Hickviam well know, the U.S. would be forced under the provisions of the Hickvian well and the provision of the Hickvian well and the Hickton well and the Hickvian well and the Hickton well and the Hickwian well and the Hickton well and are under way. At present, U.S. aid amounts to \$34 million a year plus another \$45 million in preferential purchases of Peruyian sugar.

chases of Peruvian sugar.

Last week, in a highly convent we last week, in a highly convent we last overtually foreclosed any possibility of a negotiated settlement. In an obvious bid to win the support of other nationalist army officers and businessmen, the control of the conventional properties with the conventional properties with the conventional properties within the conventional properties within the next department of the conventional properties within the next departm

Left Face. Velasco and his colleagues appear to be committed to a collision course. They can hardly back down from such an extreme stand without to-



Committed to a collision.

tally losing face in Peru. After all, they overthrew President Fernando Belaúnde Terry largely because he failed to execute an outright takeover of I.P.C., settling on a compromise instead. In his speech, Velasco defiantly declared that Peru was willing to accept the consequences of its actions and denounced the impending application of the Hickenlooper Amendment as "economic aggression." In addition, Velasco appealed to other Latin American countries to support Peru in its confrontation with the U.S. because "if they do not demonstrate firmness and unity, tomorrow other countries will succumb to [U.S.] economic pressure."

In a transparent maneuver, the Perruvian generals have tried to prevent the U.S. from applying the Hickenlooper Amendment by doing an abrupt left face in their foreign policy. In the past four months, Lima's military regime has established diplomatic or commercial relations with Rumania, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and Poland. Two weeks ago, the Peruvians agreed to exchange ambassadors with the Soviet Union, leaving only three South American countries (Bolivia, Paraguay and Venezuela) that do not have diplomatic ties with Russia.

Unlikely to Be Lost. Sensing an opening, the Soviets immediately dispatched a five-man economic mission to Lima and the source of the source

Other South Americans are closely watching the events in Peru. Five of the continent's major countries are ruled by military regimes of various types of the peru. Five of the Peruvians, aided by the Soviets, are able to exert their independence of the U.S. and get away with it, their example is unlikely to be lost on the other generals who they do the peruvians.

# BRAZIL

### Annual Vibrations

Carnaval, as everyone knows, is the time when Brazil plunges into the world's biggest binge, a wild four-day pageant driven by the intoxicating beat of the samba. There are no politics to carnaval, and no Brazilian government-however tough-minded-would dare deny its people their great annual excursion into fun and fantasy (see box following page). Yet there is a slightly unreal air to Brazil this week, as carnaval dances toward its pre-Lent climax. Since the military crackdown last December, Brazilians have had to put up with a tough, moralistic, even prudish regime. While revelers are putting the final touches on their colorful fantasias, the stunning costumes that give carnaval its color, the dour government of President Arthur da Costa e Silva continues its purges and its arrests. Scores of Brazilians are in jail, and some will sit out carnaval in virtual exile, on the lonely is-land of Ilha Grande, 70 miles off the

Stand-by Alert. On the surface, it hardly seems to matter. Along Avenida Rio Branco in Rio de Janerio large stylicad figures decorate the curbs, bird cages in their outstretched hands. Huge, brighty colored sunflowers float above the traffic amid a profusion of plastic "Mother's Heart," an outsteed paddy wagon so named "because there is always room for one more," is on standby alert—although the cops will haud away only the rowdiest of garlosse.

There are really two festivals, one for the rich and another for the poor. For the poor, carnaval takes place in



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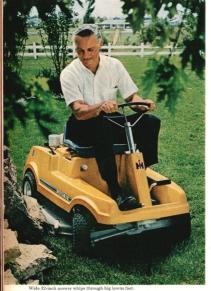
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Now here's new proof that the International Cadet 60 is one of the toughest riding mowers built. It's the only one with the strength and power to handle a snow thrower, a front blade, and a utility trailer.

Only a builder of tractors could build a riding mower as tough as this. The sleek styling of the fiber glass body may come as a surprise. But certainly not the muscle underneath

Over the long haul, you'll see how smart you were to buy tough. The Cadet 60 will work harder, at more jobs, for years longer than most others.

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the streets, to the cheers of thousands of onlookers. The escolas de samba. neighborhood associations that practice intricate dances for months to put on the most stunning show, come into their own then, singing and prancing their way past the reviewing stands of judges, who choose the winner. A total of 43 escolas de samba are taking part this year, and the larger ones, like the Estação Primeira de Mangueira-last year's champion, named after a stop on a suburban rail line-bring 7,000 participants into their act. While the poor flood into the limelight, the rich and the middle class either leave town or amuse themselves at exclusive balls. Individual tickets for the Municipal Theater Ball, the poshest of them all, run to \$50, a box for eight to \$3,750. The revelers arrive in psychedelic splendor, shed most of their clothes during the night, and emerge in the early morning, after hours of dancing, in bikinis, swimming trunks and sarongs.

For all Brazilians, it is an expensive affair. The poor spend a good deal of money on their fantasias and work diligently on them all year long, looking forward to the great day when they come down from their hills to take over the city's avenues. Says one favelado: "Those who never work begin to work for their costumes. Washerwomen take on twice their normal work load, and even thieves steal more. In the end, everybody works double." The rich too pay for their fun, Brazilian Couturier Evandro Castro Lima is working on ten dazzling fantasias for society women. He himself will strut this year as Harun al-Rashid, in a besequined and beieweled costume that weighs 105 lbs. "We flee the present," he explains. "We want to feel the vibrations of great kings and queens." To get the right vibrations, his customers pay up to \$2,500 for a fantasia. This year, however, the vibrations will not be quite the same: living up to its stern moralistic image, the government has banned the carnaval's Transvestite Ball, a gay affair that has always drawn homosexuals from all over



COUTURIER CASTRO LIMA





# tice spiritism have adopted Catholic

The Psychology of Carnaval

Analyzing Brazil's orgy at carnaval time is almost as much fun as participating in it. American Psychiatrist Dr. Reba Campbell feels that it ofters Brazilians "a chance to live deep in fantasy," fulfilling everyone's "need to be important," A Brazilian psychiatrist, Dr. José Leme Lopes, sees it as a "kind of collective cathartic." Psychologist J. Wayne Gibson, an American living and working in Brazil as an industrial consultant and private therapist, has watched half a dozen carnavals. Last week he offered a TIME correspondent these observations on the festival's psychic roots and meaning:

Carnaval is not so much a time to prepare for Lent and deny earthly pleasure as it is an opportunity to realize romantic ambitions. It is the one time when a person is permitted to work out his sex problems in his own fashion. He finds a new love, or dances with a woman he has loved from afar. There's even a word for it: namoro de carnaval, or carnival affair. A frustrated husband can finally go out and dance with young girls. Young bachelors can find girls to fall in love with. There are so many amorous dynamics tied up in carnaval love that the murder rate increases tremendously. Very few of the murders involve robberies, but the majority are a way of solving the eternal triangle-by knocking off one of the corners.

Brazil is ostensibly a Catholic country, but it is not really Catholic. African rites were brought by slaves, and the lower-class people who pracsaints and some Catholic rituals. They use the Catholic icons to represent their African gods, Carnaval ends up as a time when the lower class uses the status of the rich white man's religion mixed with African gods-the ones the poor believe in. The celebration thus pulls the country together

In the U.S., everyone can afford to live it up more than once a year. But the poor Brazilian is kept away from places of entertainment by his color and his clothes; he wouldn't know how to act, and he doesn't have the money anyway. Carnaval is the only time of the year when the doorman or the janitor who has worked for the rich man all year long can dress up in the rich man's clothing and feel that the two of them have something in common.

The phenomenon of carnaval is that a person begins to think, "It's not so much that I am having fun, but I see so many people having fun that I too begin enjoying myself. And because they see me having fun, they, in turn, have more fun." That is why carnaval is so embedded in the culture. One can see poor, ragged people looking as if they were having fun. You would have to ask each individual if he is enjoving himself: but at least they look as if they were. This is agreeable to the human being who gets caught up in it; one feels he must become involved in it. But on the other hand, a lot of people leave Rio at carnaval time because they are afraid to get caught up in it.



# PEOPLE

Sunday afternoons were miserable for Vince Lombardi, 55, after he gave up coaching and became full-time general manager of the Green Bay Packers, the football team that he molded to greatness. So, after a year of restless prowling in the executive inner sanctum, Lombardi signaled a new play: a transfer to the National Football League's moribund Washington Redskins as head coach. The Packers' board tried blocking him for a bit but finally yielded. His new contract calls for "a substantial portion of equity." rumored to be 5% of the Redskin stock, worth \$500,000. Skins fans, who last savored a national championship in 1942, are already worrying about tickets for next year's title match.

When an old eye ailment forced him to drop out of his own golf tournament, the Bob Hope Desert Classic in Palm Springs, Calif., the comedian had a substitute at the ready: that former song-and-dance man, Sendror George Murphy, Said Hope of his replacement: "He's certainly made his mark on the Senate floor. He forgot to take his tap shoes off."

That monumental spin through space will be hard to match, but even so, Apollo 8 Command Pilot Fronk Bormon has had some rarefied moments on earth since re-entry. Last week, for instance, a European tour took him from Buckingham Palace to the Elysée Palace to dinner with Beglium's King Baudouin ad more with Beglium's King Baudouin et al. (2018) and the point of the properties of the prope



JEAN-JULES VERNE & FRANK BORMAN Deft diplomat.

ence Fiction Author Jules Verne in a personal letter to his grandson, Jean-Jules Verne. After an audience with President Charles de Gaulle, he reported, with just the right touch of humility: "I was awed. I realized I was in the presence of a great man."

The temperature in Quebec City was 10° F, and Princess Gence of Monaco, in town for the annual Winter Cannival and a visit to an old friend, Mrs. Gilles Lamontagne, wife of the mayor, was appropriately cool and collected when newmen collared her for some comments. On the problem of raising bilingual children (French and English). "I'm still waiting for someone to be ing an ex-actress: she finds it "flattering" to receive film offers but politiely de-



PRINCESS GRACE & SNOWMAN
Royal reaction.

clines them. As for films in general: "I'm awfully tired of seeing people take their clothes off."

Everybody was well fortified with vintage Mumm's champagne before the bubbly pairs of part-time actors began playing the part of traveling compan in the filming of a series of Braniff Airways commercials. First off, there was baseball's Whitey Ford tweaking the twitching mustache of Salvador Dali. Then came another Odd Couple, Mickey Rooney and Rex Reed. "Let's hurry this show up," cracked the much-married Rooney. "I gotta be in court. I'm gettin' another divorce, ya know." The most memorable set of seatmates, though, was Novelist Mickey Spillane ("I only write for money") and venerable Poet Marianne Moore. "This is gonna ruin my reputation," quipped Spillane, sipping a glass of milk while Miss Moore sampled the champagne. "Don't worry." the director assured the



MARIANNE MOORE & MICKEY SPILLANE
Surrealistic seatmates.

poet when she began tugging on her calflength skirt. "You could have worn your miniskirt for these closeups." "I did," she retorted.

There stood French Minister of Culture André Malraux, all set to lay a block of rock from the Louvre in place as the cornerstone for the new \$2.4 million Marc Chagall Memorial Museum in Nice. Beside him beamed Chagall. Then out of the crowd leaped a mustachioed, bald-headed fellow crying "A bas Chagall!" Splat! With unerring aim he squirted Malraux in the face with a syringe full of red paint, Cat-quick, Malraux grabbed the weapon and squirted the squirter back. "There are cranks evervwhere," he shrugged as the flics took custody of the offender, a Riviera artist named Pierre Pinoncelli. "I don't intend to press charges," said Malraux.
"It's just watercolor," cried Pinoncelli as the cops carted him away. "You won't even have to send your coat to the cleaner-just wash it off."

For 50 years the punny words poured out of his typewriter, recounting the sexcapades of starlets, giving pufflicity where it was due, telling of splituations and apartaches, and tut-tutting nawdy titles from rot 'n' roll singers. Once, 1,000 newspapers carried his columns, and a nationwide radio audience leaned forward in its chair to catch his Sunday flashes for "Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea . . ." Last week, with his syndication down to 100 papers and the radio program long since scratched, Walter Winchell, 71, an-nounced his retirement. Still "shaken up" over the December suicide of his only son, Walter Jr., he has been vacationing in Paradise Valley, Ariz. Said he: "We've had a lot of heartaches. This is the time for me to step down.'

# What to do when a customer gives you a snow job.

When it happened to us, we made tracks.

A track is what a snowmobile runs on. It's something like a huge rubber band, only a thousand times tougher.

only a trousant times tougher.

It has to be to support 800 pounds of man and machine, to go 90 miles an hour, to climb 45-degree slopes, and to take the slam-bang-crunch of snowmobile landings.

Fact is, it takes muscles of steel to carry on like this. So borrowing an idea from B.F.Goodrich conveyor belt designers, that's what we built into our rubber tracks.

Steel cables inside the track give it toughness. Keep it in perfect shape. So that it won't stretch in use. And a special B.F.Goodrich rubber compound keeps it flexible in cold weather.

Now our business has snowballed beyond snowmobiles, and we're working on track designs for trenchers and rice paddy tractors.

When it comes to making the most of ingenuity and experience, you'll find our track record's pretty good.





# SCIENCE

# METEOROLOGY

Chopping a Hole in Fog

In desperate and imaginative efforts to clear fog from airports, highways and other critical areas, meteorologists have used giant fans, rotating racks strung with nylon strands and chemicals droppled from planes or spewed upward from strange machines on the ground of the control of the control of the control of the control of the continuing fight against fogethe belicopter.

During research into the meteorology of fogs, scientists at the Air Force Cambridge Research Laboratories in Bed-ford, Mass, concluded that there might be a simple way to disperse mists that develop when moist air near the ground is cooled at night. The researchers reasoned that if the warm, drier air above could somehow be driven down into the moist blanket of fog, it would cause suspended water droplets to evaporate, thus clearing the air.

For recent tests of their theory, the Air Force scientists chose Smith Mountain Airport, near Roanoke, Va., which is often socked in by moist, low-lying mist. The Air Force made available twinturbine CH-3E helicopters for use as airmixing devices.

In a routine developed during three foggy weeks of tests, a helicopter was flown to an altitude of 500 ft. above the mist, where it hovered until the turbulence of its downdraft traced a circular outline about 5,000 ft, in diameter on the upper layer of fog. The the flog and, as a speed of 30 mp.h., began to fly in a gradually enlarging spiral pattern until it reached the edge of

the circular outline. Within a minute, the fog began to fade away at the center of the circle. Ten minutes later, a clearing nearly a mile in diameter had been opened above the airport.

### SPACE

The Spider and the Gumdrop
In the pioneering days of manned

In the pioneering days of manned space flight, U.S. astronauts began affectionately bestowing names such as rectionately bestowing names such as NASA officials soon decided that nicknames were undignified for craft involved in a historic national effort. Word went out to put an end to name-calliment of the control of the property of the control of t

Now NASA's name ban is apparently being subverted. Without the knowledge of NASA headquarters in Washington, astronauts and technicians training for the forthcoming Apollo 9 mission (Feb.

28) began substituting descriptive nicknames for the unwieldy jargon prescribed for their spacecraft. The command and service modules-the joined conical and cylindrical-shaped units that constitute the Apollo spacecraft-were collectively dubbed Gumdrop. The ungainly, four-legged lunar module was appropriately renamed Spider. The nicknames have been used so consistently during more than a month of simulator practice that NASA may well be forced to avoid the confusion and inconvenience of a last-minute name change, Then Spider and Gumdrop will perform their missions in space.

# PHYSICS

Exceeding the Speed Limit

For Columbia University Physicist Gerald Feinberg, the monthly magacine Frantay and Science Fiction is as compelling as any learned scientific Journal, the Columbia of the Co

Feinberg has long felf frustrated by Einstein's 1905 conclusion that velocities greater than the speed of light (186,000 miles per second) are absolutely impossible. Such speeds must be approached before man will ever be able to travel to distant stars, and Feinberg asys that he does not "like the thought of being permanently confined by limassys that the does not make the thought of being permanently confined by limate the start of the start of the start of the our solar vivier."

our solar system. Superred on by the hermed-in teeling, Feinberg brazenly hermed-in teeling, Feinberg brazenly stemina speed limit more than a decade ago. But no matter how he analyzed the set of mathematical equations that define relativity, he could not escape the conclusion that matter cannot be accelerated to the speed of light, to any nothing of higher velocities. The equations showed that at the velocities are consistent of the speed of light to disrupt particle would become infinite—a clearly impossible situation. Beyond it, his mathematics suggested, the mass

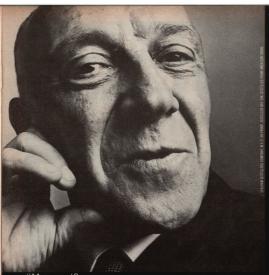
an inconceivable state of affairs. Feinberg was unable to get around this mathematical roadblock until he was struck by an ingenious idea. If mass becomes imaginary at high ve-discribed the state of t

and energy of the particle can only be represented by the kind of number that mathematicians call imaginary\*—also



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eling above the speed of light. Translating this concept into physical terms, Feinberg conjured up a strange particle that seemed to exist only on the other side of the speed-of-light barrier; it could move at velocities greater than 186,000 m.p.s., but never at that speed or slower. Thus, because it could never stop, its rest mass was irrelevant and could indeed be an imaginary number

According to the relativity equations, that "tachyon" (a name that Feinberg coined from the Greek word for "swift") should have other strange characteristics. Unlike familiar particles, which gain mass and energy as they accelerate toward the speed of light, Feinberg's particle would lose mass and energy as it accelerated beyond the light barrier. At infinite speeds, it would theoretically



PHYSICIST FEINBERG Spurred on by a hemmed-in feeling

have no mass or energy at all. Like a plane going faster than the speed of sound, a tachyon with an electrical charge would generate a "light boom" as it traveled faster than 186,000 m.p.s. The boom would take the form of visible light that might well be detectable.

Unbelievable Velocity. With these characteristics in mind, researchers in Sweden, at Princeton and at Indiana State University have been working on a variety of complex experiments designed to detect tachyons-so far without success. Feinberg himself has suggested a massive, computer-aided survey of existing bubble-chamber pictures of particle collisions, hoping that someone may find a pattern that will confirm the presence of tachyons.

If tachyons are some day foundand somehow harnessed-Feinberg's dreamed-of trip to the distant stars may yet be possible. The Einstein barrier to higher speeds would still be unbreakable by man and his spacecraft, but with their unbelievable speeds, the particles could serve to accelerate men closer to the velocity of light.

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# RELIGION

## ROMAN CATHOLICS

"Get Going, and

Don't Come Back"

From the reception room of the Vatican's Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, a waiting monsignor teld the visitor to a turn-of-the-century elevator. They rode down several floors, walked through rooms lined with musty, leather-bound volumes, entered yet another gloomy room. Across a heavy wooden table, decorated only with an austere black crucifix, sat a man in a black, violet-trimmed cassock. The visitor presented himself.

"I am Illich."

"I know."

"Monsignor, who are you?"
"I am your judge."

Thus began, last June, the Vatican examination of Monsignor Ivan Illich, 42, Vienna-born New York priest, linguist and controversial founder of one of Latin America's most promising experiments in social and cultural education, the Center for Intercultural Documentation in Cuernavaca, Mexico. What began as a quiet investigation has blown

tation in Cuernavaca, Mexico. What began as a quiet investigation has blown into a full-scale and still unresolved controversy in the past few weeks.

Cruel Realities. The confrontation was inevitable, if long in developing. Restlessly brilliant, Illich has an ironically orthodox background: he has a doctorate in history from Salzburg University, studied theology at Rome's centuries-old Capranica and philosophy at the Vatican's prestigious Gregorian University. By the time he was 31, he was vice-rector of Catholic University in Puerto Rico and a monsignor. But in 1960 he disagreed with the political intervention of Puerto Rico's Bishop James McManus when the bishop tried to forbid Catholics to vote for Governor Luis Muñoz Marín, who favored experimental birth control centers. The late Francis Cardinal Spellman, to whose diocese Illich was permanently attached, eased Illich home

He was not home long. Having raised money and the support of Fordham University, he set off to Cuernavaca to establish a training center for a new kind of missionary for priest-poor Latin America. The Illich missionariespriests, nuns, laymen-were to become a sort of Catholic peace corps, awake to the ideas, the language, the culture and the cruel economic and social realities of the area. The center was to become, as one admiring Latin American archbishop would put it later, a place of "incarnation," where Yankees would be born again with Latin American hearts. Gradually, though, its focus became wider, moving away from a solely Catholic orientation and attracting college students and professors of all faiths, and even Protestant missionaries.

As the center flourished, Cuernavaca



CUERNAVACA'S IVAN ILLICH
Standoff in the Vatican basements.

became a stopover for reformers of many political persuasions, from middle to far left. All-even the most radicalwere invited to plunge into freewheeling discussions. That in itself was enough to make the center suspect to many conservatives. Then Illich himself spoke out. He complained in the Jesuit magazine America that most North American Catholic efforts in Latin America were thinly disguised colonialism. He suggested in the Catholic magazine The Critic that most future Latin American priests might best be working family men who would only exercise their priestly role part time.

The criticisms of U.S. Catholic programs in Latin America won Illich the enmity of Boston's Richard Cardinal Cushing, a chief sponsor of such aid programs. Illich's other ideas and the innovations at Cuernavaca provoked mutterings at the Vatican. Cardinal Spellman remained an ally; shortly before his death he flatly refused a request from the Mexican Bishops' Conference to recall Illich "until sustaining reasons are brought forth." But in Rome, Antonio Cardinal Samorè, conservative president of the Pontifical Commission for Latin America, issued continuing demands for an investigation of Illich and the center, until the Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faiththe descendant of the Roman Inquisition -agreed. The investigation ultimately brought Illich to Rome last June.

Subversive Interpretation. As Illich told it to New York Times Religion Editor Edward B. Fiske, the outcome in the musty Vatican basements was a standoff. He refused to take an oath of secrecy, refused to answer questions un-

til a list of charges had been presented to him. When the "charges" finally appeared, they turned out to be a list of 85 questions under such headings as "Weird Conceptions about the Clergy in the Church," and "Subversive Interpretation Concerning the Liturgy and Ecclesiastical Discipline." Sample question: "How do you respond to those who present you as petulant, adventurous, imprudent, fanatical and hypnotizing?" After receiving the questions, Illich wrote an eight-page letter to Franjo Cardinal Seper, the Congregation's prefect, explaining that he could not answer them. The form of the questions. he wrote, "seems designed to wreck any hope of a human and Christian dialogue between the one judging and the one being judged."

Grand Inquisitor. Though Illich's examination itself was inconclusive, the Congregation ultimately ruled against him. Three weeks ago, it issued an order that all Roman Catholic priests and members of religious orders were henceforth forbidden to study at the Cuernavaca center. Illich was not surprised. Even before his session at the Vatican, he had quietly asked for-and had received-temporary lay status from New York's Archbishop Terence Cooke. Thus he gave up the right to say Mass and perform other priestly functions but also adroitly deprived the Vatican of any effective power of suspension.

In New York last week, however, Illich sounded like a man regretfully more outside than in. He assailed the Sacred Congregation for violating the Pope's own orders for open hearings, and for "vague, ambiguous and irresponsible charges" that could only be made "because people throughout the world have been led to believe that whatever the Vatican says must be true." As for himself, he said, "I am giving up proving my orthodoxy to the Vatican. I have, now, no further desire to do so." Though loyal to basic church doctrine, and to the church's role as a caretaker of Western civilization, Illich is convinced that social reform in Latin America must come from outside the church. Consequently, he will remain at Cuernavaca -even though that means continuing in a lay status while observing the celibacy of a priest.

Some dismayed Catholics are hoping that the Vatican's order, not yet fully promulgated worldwide, might still be rescinded. That is doubtful, but there is at least a hint that the Illich affair was more than a little disturbing to Rome. Cardinal Seper's last words to him, Illich recalled with some amazement last week, were: "Get going, get going, and do not come back." They were, Illich noted, remarkably close to the last words spoken by the Grand Inquisitor to his prisoner, Jesus Christ, in the philosophical vignette from The Brothers Karamazov. In Dostoevsky's tale, Christ has returned to earth, and the Inquisitor decides to burn him because his ideas of



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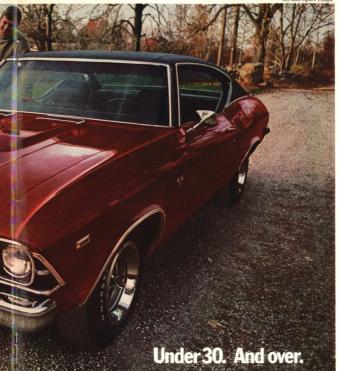
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## **ANGLICANS**

**Ecumenical Saints** 

Canonization of saints is a Roman Catholic practice that for Protestants was swept away with the Reformation. But in the centuries since. Protestants themselves have produced many eminent men of God, and there are few ways of honoring them. One way, in the Church of England, is inclusion on the church calendar for commemoration in





GEORGE FOX JOHN WESLEY From dissent to distinction.

daily services. This week in Britain an Anglican liturgical conference will consider new additions to the list, including four dissenters and even some Counter-Reformation Roman Catholics

The dissenters are John and Charles Wesley (March 3), the 18th century founders of Methodism, George Fox (Jan. 13), the 17th century founder of the Society of Friends, and John Bunyan (Aug. 31), the Puritan author of The Pilgrim's Progress. All of them had their problems with the Church of England. John Wesley, himself an ordained Anglican priest, broke with the church when it refused to recognize his movement, and ordained his own ministers. Quaker Fox and his flock were hounded by church authorities for much of their lives. Bunyan spent twelve years in prison for preaching without a license.

Some of the recommended new dates on the calendar are reserved for more recent, less radical figures: John Keble, one of the brightest lights of the 19th century Anglican resurgence known as the Oxford Movement, and David Livingstone, 19th century medical missionary who incidentally helped to open up the continent of Africa. Perhaps most surprising in the ecumenical list is the inclusion of two prominent figures from the Catholic Counter-Reformation: St. Francis Xavier, the great Jesuit missionary to India and Japan, and St. Francis de Sales-who on the proposed list is generously allowed to share a commemoration day with King Charles I.



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### GOLF

### Blacks on the Greens

The record books of the Professional Golfer's Association will never show it, but the 1969 Los Angeles Open last month was a milestone. Short, stubby Charlie Sifford, jumping off to a first-round lead with five birdies and an eagle in one six-hole spree, won the season's opening tournament on the first hole of a sudden-death play-off against, though the substitution of the control of the contr

The P.G.A. has good reason to ignore this aspect of Sifford's victory. Golf, owing in large part to the hidebound P.G.A., was for years one of the most segregated major sports in the U.S. The P.G.A. waited until 1961, a full ten years after most other pro sports were fully integrated, before it removed the Caucasian-only clause from its membership requirements. Even now, the majority of blacks seen on the pro circuit are still the caddies. Of the 300 pros on last year's tour, only six were Negro. This season there are eleven, and though such experienced competitors as Sifford and Lee Elder, 33, who finished seventh in the recent Bing Crosby National, are capable of winning any tournament, they agree that it will probably be five years or more before any Negro golfer can hope to join the ranks of the top ten moneymakers over a full season

Moonlighting Ployers. It is not that they lack the talent to play golf, just the opportunity. As Sifford says: "White people have been playing golf for a hundred goddam years, man. Negroes have had a tough enough time just getting into school, let alone playing golf."

Another problem is sponsorship, "You need about \$15,000 a year for expenses to play the tour," says Lee Elder, who finished \$44 hin the rankings last year with earnings of \$31,690, "and it is rate for a Regreto to have a sponsor." As a result, says Ray Botts, \$12, who only \$3,431 last season, many young black goffers cannot afford to sharpen heir game with consistent tournament heir game with consistent tournament quickly." Some get distillationed very quickly "duffers, while others who sitck it out often do so at the expense of their prime playing years. Howard ("Leftv")

Brown, for example, after six years of hacking around the pocket-money tournaments organized by Negro businessmen, finally found a sponsor and joined the P.G.A. circuit for the first time this season. He is 32, or about ten years older than the white rookies on the tour.

Fortunately, says Brown, a 6-ft, 3-in, 285-lb. long-ball hitter, golf has shed many of its old discriminatory practices —or at least the most obvious ones. Six years ago, says Brown, when he was playing in a lelthanded tournament in Florida, he was not only banned from the clubbouse dining room but, he says, from winning, "I finished third," he explain, "but I would have won it



SIFFORD AT WORK
A lack of opportunity, not talent.

had this white lady not stolen my ball on the 16th hole. I finally had to play it as a lost ball and lost two strokes."

Late Bloomer, Charlie Sifford remembers the segregated days all too clearly. but he refuses to talk about them lest they "make me bitter all over again. Though he won \$33,180 last year, he feels shortchanged by golf. When he answers the phone in his four-room apartment in Los Angeles, he likes to crack: "Arnold Palmer's residence," an oblique dig at the uppity country-club set, who, he feels, regard him as a Rochester rather than a Jackie Robinson, Referring to the cigar he chomps on while playing, he says, "Yeah, that's the only way people can recognize me. I've been smoking them for 20 years, but no cigar company's come along to sponsor me

The son of a Charlotte, N.C., laborer, Sifford was a caddie who began playing golf with gnarled sticks at ten. By the time he was 15, he was breaking 70. "I started playing," he recalls, "because I realized one day that I could

hit the ball just as easy as I could hand the club to somebody else." After serving as Negro Singer Billy Eckstine's valet, chauffeur and goff instructor for five years, Sifford began touring in 1953, and the state of the stat

Since gaining his P.G.A. membership card in 1964, Silford has increased his yearly earnings from \$17,182 to a high of \$47,025 in 1967, when he finished 25th in the money rankings. Though but piped to 50th last season, he feels had peed to 50th last season, he feels when the same peed to 50th last season, he feels when he same peed to 50th last season l

# BASEBALL

### Inside Man

Ten minutes before a Miami Beach press conference, called last week to announce the new commissioner of bases and the state of the stat

After two months of dickering and dallying, the owners of the 24 major league teams were in agreement on only one point when they met in Miami Beach: the new commissioner should come from "inside baseball." Kuhn, 42, the attorney for the National League since 1950, was so far inside that he was lost in the shuffle of names mentioned for the job, which included evervone from Stan Musial to Hubert Humphrey. Kuhn's appointment was as big a surprise as the owners' previous choice, William D. Eckert, a retired Air Force general who was so far outside baseball that he had little feel or flair for the sport and its problems of modernization

Action-Mod Fon, Like Eckert, reterred to as the "Unknown Solider" during his three years in the job, Kuhn was a compromise choice. Caught in a squeeze play between Mike Burke, president of the New York Yankees, and Charles ("Chub") Feeney, vice president of the San Francisco Giants, the set you ciding unanimously on the properties of the San Francisco Giants, the set of ciding unanimously on the control of the Kuhn on the first vote. Said Chicago White Sox Owner Arthur Allyn: "The two leagues have been feeding for so



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MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

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Mending relations between the two leagues is only one of the problems confronting Kuhn. At the moment, his most pressing concern is the boycott of spring training that is threatened by the Major League Baseball Players' Association if its pension-fund demands are not met. The players want to channel a fixed percentage of the leagues' income from TV contracts into their fund; the owners are offering a flat \$5.1 million. Kuhn, who listed player relations among his National League duties, is a skilled negotiator. But it will take more than persuasion for baseball to keep pace with the speedy '70s. Not only does the organization of the major leagues need to be restructured, but the game itself



KUHN
The surprise was genuine.

must be streamlined to attract the actionmad modern fan.

Real Buff, Bowie Kuhn, a distant relative of the knife-wielding frontier hero, Jim Bowie, may be just the man to cut through the encrustations of baseball. At 6 ft. 5 in. and 230 lbs., he looks more like a retired tackle than a Wall Street lawyer whose chief passion is gardening. The great-great-grandson of Maryland Governor Robert Bowie, he was raised in Washington, D.C. As a boy he worked inside the scoreboard at Griffith Stadium, then the home of the Senators, for \$1 a day. He played no sports in high school or at Princeton, but his wife Luisa describes him as a "real baseball buff. He can tell you who played the outfield for the St. Louis Browns in 1920, and things like that."

Though Kuhn's appointment is for only one year at a salary of \$100,000, many owners think he should stay at the job permanently. But last week, after appointing a committee to study the modernization of baseball, he observed that he and the committee may decide "that baseball does not need the office of commissioner."

# EDUCATION

# SCHOOLS

Exercise of Authority

Liberal fears that the new Republican Administration plans to let the states operate their schools unassisted and virtually as they please were emphatically laid to rest last week. For the job of U.S. Commissioner of Education, President Richard Nixon picked James E. Allen Jr., the tough-minded education commissioner of New York—a man who does not hesitate to wield his authority in order to bring about reforms in the schools.

In New York, the greving, 57-yearold Allen skillfully ran the state's labyrinthine school system as an independent duchy that critics and supporters alike called "the fourth branch of government." Allen, who controlled schooling from pre-kindergarten through college, raised education expenditures to 40% of the state's \$5.4 billion budget and led the fight against Northern de facto segregation. There is no doubt that he plans to exercise equal influence as the nation's top educational official. In his first statement after his appointment, Allen urged "a massive attack on the education needs of the disadvantaged and the ghetto residents"; he stressed the need to involve them "in the concepts, the planning, and the design of such programs

Double Deal, When President Kennedy offered him the same Washington assignment in 1961, Allen, a gaunt, muscular-faced West Virginian, turned it down. He had spent six years on the job in New York, and he was convinced that the best hope for improved schools lay with the states. Even though he has since changed his mind about the importance of federal influence. Allen refused President Nixon's initial offer because of his doubts about the new Administration's priorities for education. He finally accepted after he was given two posts-that of U.S. Commissioner of Education and Assistant Secretary in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. "I had to be certain I would be able to speak for education in this Administration," he explains, "and that it was prepared to move forward and not just keep a holding operation. I got that assurance."

He intends to make the most of it. Though he prefers to settle most issues with negotiations, Allen, son of a Presbyterian minister, has shown a steely sense of mission in handing down controversial decisions. He was charged with "coddling the Communists" when he blocked a New York City teacher-loyalty campaign in the 1950s, and he was even more the target of acrimony when he ordered the integration of hostile allwhite districts in 1963. But after last fall's bitter. 36-day New York City teacher strike, he was the only major participant to emerge with his reputation intact. It was Allen's plan to place a state

trustee in charge of a troubled experimental district that eventually brought the long strike to its end.

For the Millennium. In Washington, Allen expects to encourage progress by prodding the states into action. "The states simply must play their part in the renaissance of education," he says. "They must release the power for innovation and accomplishment that's botted up in local communities." While willing to be flexible in dealing with school district and the state of the state o

Heading Allen's list of priorities are



JAMES E. ALLEN
The reluctance was overcome

urban phetro schools, where he feels fedcal funds can have the most ingreen can form the many through the con-"We have built a middle-class type of education taught by middle-class administrators for the categories of the control of the control of the class of the clas

Allen received a measure of the magnitude of his job when President Nixon's task force on education, headed by Carnegic Corporation President Alan Pifer, presented its report urging massive federal spending of up to \$1 billion a year to save city schools. Even fi he can pry that kind of money out of Congressive and the president of the control was presented in the president of the control of the president of the president of the used. But hete are that whatever his eventual budget, James Allen will wind up spending the money his way.

# BEHAVIOR

## **DEVIANTS**

Turning Pets into People

The Earl of Cranbrook feeds his pet bats on a special mixture of egg yolk, cream cheese and banana. He says, "I keep the bats for about three months, then let them go." When the late Jayne Mansfield tried to smuggle her two Chihuahuas into England, she won the sympathy of the pet-fancying British public by clutching the animals to her celebrated chest and proclaiming, "They appeal to my mother instinct." Ronald Reagan, finding that he was getting on badly with his mongrel, put himself and the dog through a \$250 course of psychotherapy at a Beverly Hills canine funny farm.

Such incidents abound, lively as rabbits, in Petishism: Pets and Their People in the Western World (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; \$5.95). Author Kathleen Szasz tells of the great Dane that came to its owner's wedding in top hat and, of course, tails; of the New York City dog whose owner listed him in the phone book, "in case his friends wanted to telephone him"; of the pair of Saint Bernards that follow their master everywhere-in their own chauffeured station wagon. But there is little glee in the telling. Author Szasz, 56, a Hungarian-born translator of novels, is intent on drawing a stern conclusionthat a growing pack of petishists have come to treat their pets not as animals but as little furry people.

A Pint for the Puma. Unleashing twelve months of research. Mrs. Szasz concedes that pets can provide educational insights into nature. She details the successful efforts of therapists who use pets in diagnosing and treating mentally disturbed children. But man has become neurotic, she contends, when owners take pet alligators for drives, buy hairpieces for dogs and lace-

trimmed nightgowns for cats, give the puma a pint of beer as a nightcap, and make unnecessary gourmet viands the fastest-growing segment of the U.S. petfood market. Some owners bury their canaries and pooches under massive marble tombstones in special cemeteries. Only last week, an Italian court ruled that a wife was justified in leaving her husband because he regularly shared his bedroom with 30 cats and six dogs while forcing her to sleep in another

Petishists' motives are sad, most of them induced by the fact that pets seldom fight back, Mrs. Szasz describes parents guilt-ridden about mistreating their own children. They may try to make up for their failings by smothering their pets with love that would drive any person away. Other animal nuts are merely attempting to buy love. For still others, she quotes Sidney Jourard. a professor of psychology at the University of Florida, who suspects that in an uptight society, "the dog patter, the cat stroker, is seeking the contact that is conspicuously lacking in his adult life." "Homo neuroticus," says Mrs. Szasz, "de-animalizes his pets in exactly the same way he de-humanizes himself.

What does Mrs. Szasz propose to do? She repeats an ancient plea that man should love his fellow men first, then animals. Viewed properly, they can teach him some valuable lessons. She tells of the father who found his four-year-old son whipping his puppy dog with a belt and shouting, "I'll make a man of you yet, you sniveling little bastard." The father, notes Mrs. Szasz, quickly modified his educational



LONG ISLAND GRAVE OF NIXON'S DOG Also courses at canine funny farms.

# **ETHICS**

Conspiracy of Silence

Returning to his Manhattan apartment one night, CBS Correspondent Hughes Rudd was mugged, robbed and left sprawled and bloodied on the street Four hours later, as he finally stirred back to consciousness, a passing patrolman asked him what had happened and whether he needed an ambulance. Rudd stubbornly declined aid and limped home. The policeman did not bother to take down his name; except for a call to his credit-card companies. Rudd made no effort to report the assault. "What was the use?" he sighs.

More and more Americans are asking themselves the same question. Despite the "law and order" drive, the public adamantly refuses to report many crimes. According to the University of Chicago's National Opinion Research Center, only about one-half of the rapes, robberies, aggravated assaults, burglaries and major larcenies that are committed in the U.S. each year manage to get

onto the police blotter.

Crime Tolerance. Nowhere is public and police indifference greater than in the big cities, where the violent-crime rate is already five times higher than in rural areas. Harassed, overworked and underpaid, metropolitan police often are not only unable but unwilling to deal with any except the most serious law-enforcement problems. In Detroit, for example, until the city installed a new computerized data-collecting system, many precinct lieutenants let their officers ignore the most obvious signs of burglary-pry marks on a door-and list only a broken window.

City dwellers glumly accept crime as an inevitable hazard. Despairing of ever recovering stolen goods or bringing criminals to account, they decide that silence is the better part of wisdom. After his car was ransacked, Long Island's Democratic Congressman Allard K. Lowenstein echoed the feelings of many of his constituents: "I didn't call the police because I was busy, because reporting takes so much time, and because it is so hard to get the police interested."

Public apathy may also be a measure of what Wayne State Sociologist Joseph L. Albini calls a community's "crime tolerance." Middle-class white mothers, for example, rarely let gang attacks on their children go unreported. Ghetto mothers, however, may well regard such incidents as necessary tests of their youngsters' ability to survive the slum's daily violence. Often of course, Negro slum dwellers not only passively accept crime but also actively admire the criminals-especially if their victims are white. Many Harlemites, said a local N.A.A.C.P. official recently, "seem to have the idea that [black criminals] are some sort of 20th century Robin Hoods

Sweaty Palms. Beyond sociological reasons lie the personal fears, guilt and shame of the victim himself. Police rare-



MECCA FOR A MOLLYCODDLED MALTESE

ly hear from the businessman who has been robbed by a prostitute. They are reeven less likely to get a complaint from the hoodlum who has been threatened by the Mafia or the teen-ager who has paid for pot and got oregano instead. In instances of child molesting, some parents are either too ashamed themselves to go to the police or want to spare they voungsters further embarrassment.

Perhaps the most socially significant kind of public silence involves bystanders who are unwilling to intervene or call police when crimes occur before their eyes. Yet are such silent witnesses really as anathetic as social critics usually portray them? Perhaps not. In what the American Association for the Advancement of Science calls 1968's best sociopsychological research, Professors John M. Darley of Princeton and Bibb Latané of Ohio State portray homo urbanus in an entirely different light. Testing the reaction of college students to a feigned emergency, they found that the emotions of those who remained quiet hardly registered what could be called indifference. Often their hands trembled, their palms sweated. If anything, they were more nervous than those who reported the crisis. "The bystander," conclude Darley and Latané, is, in fact, "an anguished individual in genuine doubt, concerned to do the right thing but compelled to make complex decisions under pressure of stress and fear.

# PSYCHOPHYSIOLOGY

Getting Along with Getting Up

I have, all my life long, been lying till noon; yet I tell all young men, and tell them with great sincerity, that nobody who does not rise early will ever do any good.

-Samuel Johnson, 1773

People who spring from bed cleargred and cherrful tend to think the early bird really does catch the worm. Slugabeds gromble that the sunny risers are worms themselves. For Ben Franklin and puritanical believers in his maxims, to be earlier than thou is virtually to be holier. But early-morning surly birds dispute them. After all, no less an American culture her of han Robcause he could not be bothered to get up and do it a sumise. These days, researchers are slowly waking up to waking up.

Men in primitive societies sometimes require as little as two hours of sleep a day; yet they may be almost free of the Great Trauma. In many countries, people refuse to wake each other, think-and may not have time to get back if sleep ends prematurely. But for industrial societies, the schedules are merciless. Rising at the crack, grumped German Journalist Johannes Gross recently, considernis modern bans to the "L' understand why they execute con-



"O.K., YOU USHERED IN THE
DAY. NOW YOU CAN USHER IT
RIGHT THE HELL OUT AGAIN."
Surly birds can't help it.



BENCHLEY DEMONSTRATING WAKE-UP SKILLS

demned men at dawn. I just have to see the dawn in order to have my head roll all by itself." Hungarian Author Ferenc Molnár was so unaccustomed to daylight that once, when he was dragooned into jury duty in the early morning, he looked incredulously at the thronged streets of Budapest and asked, "Are they all juros?"

Owls and Introverts. The relatively new interdisciplinary science of sleep research may eventually come to vindicate the groggy "owls" and deflate the superior pretentions of the "larks." Humans run on still-mysterious physiological clocks, their body temperatures dipping as much as 2 degrees in the middle of the night and rising toward morning. Late risers, one explanation runs, simply may not be hot enough to get up easily. Deep sleep and light sleep also alternate at different rates; many researchers now argue that slow risers are in a period of heavy sleep when their alarm clocks clang. For yet unexplained reasons, however, some 20% of Americans enjoy accurate internal alarm clocks that wake them automatically.

Introverts function best in the morning, according to British Psychologist Donald Eric Broadbent, but some other psychologists say that the early risers are egotistical-they get up with the idea the world is waiting for them. Adds one: "There is definite evidence that early risers tend to sleep in pajamas, while late risers sleep in underwear or the nude." Edward Stonehill, a British psychologist, notes: "A man may choose to be a milkman because he likes to get up at 4 a.m., not because he has trained himself to wake early." Other psychologists agree that recalcitrant risers simply do not like the activity that awaits them and subconscious ly would rather stay in the womb of sleep. It is also well known that early-rising spouses often suffer attacks of fury at the sight of a still-sleeping partner. The only relief: to wake him or her by slamming doors, turning on radios, or sending relays of children to jump up and down on the bed.

Taking another tack, a study made of 600 people in Florida found that the people who woke up most happily were the ones accustomed to regular sleeping habits. Hypnotists can occasionally snap morting drowers out of their grogginess by implanting suggestational control of the study of the st

work cycles.

Creativity, and Carlapults, Such human passionate reativity that slow rises now use to bedevil themselves out of bed. One Los Angeles ad man takes a deep draught of vodka, which, he says, tricks him into thinking it's still last night and he's awake and having a good time. The wife of one comedian once baked him out of bed by turning up the dial on his electric blanket. Humorist Robert Benchley's serestary used as "The men have come to flood the bed for ice skating."

Norman Dine, 60, the insomniae proprietor of a New Jersey store called the "Sleep Center," provides his clients with cautom laper-recorded earlier of the control of the co

# THE THEATER

# NEW PLAYS

# Pilgrims' Regress

There is something innocent, sweet, and perhaps inaccessible about Geoffrey Chaucer. He regarded sex as one of God's blessings. His devout and lusty pilgrims wending their garrulous way to Canterbury have an easy intimacy with natural odors, natural functions and the natural affections of men and women. The seamless unity of faith and flesh creates an abyss between the 14th century and the 20th. Chaucer's people are not paralyzed by selfconsciousness in the act of love. They possess none of modern man's neurasthenic haste to import trouble in paradise. They export joy

Unfortunately, the Chaucerian spirit is largely missing from a British musical called Conterbury Tolles, which has not thrived on a sea change from London. Surprisingly commercial, it treats eas a commodity and faith as an epologue, in the manner of a Cecil B. Demokes about the show except its quality. The amplified sound of the incongrupt poperock score may reach the moson boyl' codpieces are ample, but they scarcely canoullage the empty hoister-ounses of both dance and bawdyr counsess of both dance and bawdyr.

Four of Chaucer's tales are told: the Miller's, the Steward's, the Merchant's and the Wife of Bath's. The dialogue is all in rhyming couplets, which is rather like spending the evening on a date with a metroome. The stories mainly feature an aging cuckold, a harridan somewhat uglier than sin, and a blonde mini-bombshell named Sandy Duncan, whom nature has cunningly fashioned



DUNCAN & SUITORS IN "CANTERBURY"

A faulty fusion.

for everything except acting. In the key roles of the Steward and the Wife of Bath, George Rose and Hermione Baddeley are formidable contenders for a much-needed Hammy Award.

# Waiting to Get Whitey

The defect of the slice-of-life play is that it is never a loaf. The defect of the realistic play is that it trusts the naked eye and ignores the mind's eye. In its encless scanning of surfaces and appearances, slice-of-life realism scants are supported by the control of the

The play also confirms a kind of habit of Manhattan's Negro Ensemble Company: that of doing spindly works with skill, verve, and beautifully meshed precision. Ceremonies is a play about mastering fate by ambushing it. In the social protest of the '30s, the dramatic rallying cry was Waiting for Lefty, Written in the era of the Negro revolution, Elder's play might be subtitled Waiting to Get Whitey. At the same time, it is the story of the disintegration of a black family. The father (Douglas Turner), an ex-vaudeville hoofer of 54, is a widower who runs a singularly unsuccessful barbershop. He has two sons, both of whom believe that working for a living is an indignity if it means working for a white man. One of them is an adept shoplifter. A daughter tries to stand for a traditional moral order that seems to be as dead as the mourned mother

Bewildered by his failure to make a Bewildered by his failure to make a Bewildered by his failure to make a property of a black militant's suggestion that the barbershop be used as an illicit corn-liquor supply depot. Apart from the failure supply depot. Apart from the failure supply depot. Apart from the failure supply depot. Apart from the supply supply depot. Apart from the failure supply depot. Apart from the happens, and that is melodramatic. The supply supply supply supply supply supply for the failure supply supply supply failure supply supply failure supply supply failure failure supply failure supply

Along the meandering way, there are a for the claustrophobic inertia of Harlem life. But what really makes the play bear-able is the superior performances of the players, most notably the emotionally explosive acting of Douglas Turner. He, in particular, gives the drama the mouth-to-mouth resuscitation it so desperately needs.

# Stop the World

## -I Want to Get Off

When bigger bombs are dropped, Broadway will drop them. Deer World is almost in the megaton class (it cost \$750,000), and the stage at the Mark Hellinger Theater is a smoldering rubble of tedium.

Plays converted into musicals have a high disaster ratio. In some instances, the plays themselves could not have been successfully revived. The Madwom-



A megaton bomb.

an of Chaillot, from which Dear World has been rather conscientiously adapted, is 25 years old, and it doesn't take a play doctor to see that rigor mortis has set in.

The Jean Giraudoux original is one of those typical French morality plays cleverly garnished and disguised with wit, world-weariness, and wistfully disenchanted romanticism. In Giraudoux, as in Anouilh, there is also an elegance of manner, a fencing master's play of the intellect, and a sense of historical irony of which few Broadway adapters have the remotest inkling. In Madwoman Giraudoux conceived of a vicious filthy-rich, top-hatted capitalist cartel that discovers oil under a bistro called the Chez François and is prepared to desecrate all of Paris to pan for the black gold. But the eccentric owner of the café, the Countess Aurelia (Angela Lansbury), thwarts these evil malefactors of great wealth. With the aid of two loony cronies and a sewerman (Milo O'Shea), she herds them through a trap door under the café into a kind of eternal hell of sewage.

Time has not only blunted the point but reversed it. While capitalism now seems surprisingly benign, the individual who decides to exterminate other people, under whatever pretext, has become distinctly ominious. As a one-madwoman salvage operation. Angela Lansbury asses her reputation if not the show. Looking like a rufelfully unkempt Colette, the study with the

# This is the richest graveyard in the world.





find in a tourist guide. Twenty-five million years ago it was ocean bottom. Today it's a massive deposit of phosphate ore, the sediment of

prehistoric marine life. Preserved in the ore are countless bones of sharks. whales and later four-legged mammals.

Natives call it Bone Valley, and this chalky graveyard contains enough phosphates to sustain mining for 1,000 years. Florida's production (one-third of world output) goes to enrich crops as a plant food and fertilizer additive.

Dikes seven stories high

Now a different kind of "monster" roams the valley. Clark-built Michigan tractor scrapers are moving earth to build huge dikes. These will surround settling ponds for a residue of clay— part of the phosphate refining process.

Over the next four years, eight Michigan scrapers will move 22.5 million cubic yards of clay.

Eventually the area will be reclaimed for residential and recreational use. citrus groves and farms.

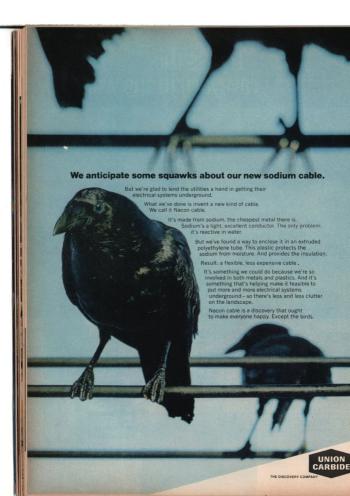
Michigan scrapers were selected to keep the work on schedule. From the same company that builds lift trucks, truck trailers, axles and transmissions, commercial food refrigeration and earthmoving equipment. Clark Equipment Company, Buchanan, Mich. 49107,

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ida, lies a 200-square-

mile area vou won't





# THE PRESS





ESQUIRE'S "HOWARD HUGHES" PHOTOS

# MAGAZINES

# **Dubious Achievement Award**

Has someone finally photographed reclusive Billionaire Howard Hughes and Wife Jean Peters? "Howard Hughes We See You! We See you!" boasts the caption around the Kodak frames on Exquire's March cover and, indeed, the man and woman standing near a swimter pool book strikingly like Mr. and man and woman standing near a swimpool book strikingly like Mr. and angry man orders an aide to pursue the photographer.

What a coup! Magazines sold out on messstands across the country. How did Equire do it? In a manner worthy of a tight-lipped Hughes aide, Editor Harold Hayes huffed, "I think I must electnot to discuss it at all." No wonder. The man and woman are models. The photos, shot in fort Lauderdale, Fla., are to these attention to a story on the country of the country of the months on the assignment and—like all other reporters—got not a single glimpse of the man.

# Synergistic Scheme of Things

Del Mar, Calif., 18 miles north of San Diego, is a pleasant and quiet resort town with a population of 3,000. But these days some of the lively types taking advantage of the small-town atmosphere and the balmy climate have more on their minds than surfing and suntans. They are magazine editors many in their mid-20s—holding story conferences for two new magazines, Psychology Today and Carrers Today, Says Neolas H. Charney, 27, who founded environment."

formed a corporation in January 1967, after receiving a Ph. D. in biopsychology from the University of Chicago. "About all I knew," he says, "was that I want-

ed to put out a magazine, a sort of Scientific American of the social sciences. There is psychology behind all acts—eating, going to bed, and so on. People are curious about these things."

Ponderous Talk. He raised \$250,000 from friends and friends of friends. Within four months he and a staff of five sent the first issue of his monthly Psychology Today to the newsstands.

From the start. Charney decided that the way to talk about psychology was to let specialists do the talking. Articles ranged from "The Psychopharmacological Revolution" to "Civilization and Its Malcontents," which argued that the neurotic is deficient in his socialization, not excessive, as Freud believed, M.I.T. Linguist Noam Chomsky has dealt with "Language and the Mind," and others have presented conclusions of research projects in areas ranging from "Fantasy Differences in Men and Women" to "Political Attitudes in Children." The current issue takes on the question of "Does the Law Work for You?" with contributors grappling with the problems of "The Psychiatrist and the Legal Process" and the perceptions of witnesses in court, "We discovered that the more punitive people in each of our groups had better recall than the less punitive," writes the author, who disputes the idea that the adversary system "can winnow out the truth.

The authority of the articles is too often obscured by ponderous writing. Aimed at an unspecialized audience, the magazine needs more translation of the magazine needs more translation Mary Harrington Hall, a former science writer who was one of the first staffers hired by Charney, comes closest. But even when she tries to inject lightness and broader explanation into the traperscent of the property of the prop

Rollo May and Harvard Behaviorist B. F. Skinner, the transcribed result more often than not sounds like interruptions.

Visually, the magazine can hardly be faulted. The art and photography is rich with color and imagination, providing a provocative-almost psychedelic-accompaniment to the text. In the pre-election issue, for example, television's importance in a campaign year was illustrated by a cover photo showing a woman thrusting her baby forward to be kissed by a politician. Ignoring the infant, the politician is pressing his lips to the lens of a nearby television camera.

Mr. Chips. Psychology Today was only Charney's first step. For the second, Careers Today, Management Consultant Peter Drucker was hired as adviser and contributor. Editor is T (for nothing) George Harris, 43, a former Look senior editor and Time correspondent, whose freewheeling enthusiasm has made him a sort of Mr. Chips to his writers. (The oldest is 27.)

"We're not a want-ad magazine for jobs," says Harris, who has put out two issues so far. "We'll tell people what's going one they'll have a chance to act." Using Psychology's art style, to the control of the control of the control of the control of the may articles over which today's college kids are apt to freak out. "Big Government Wants You" did not go far beyond information available in civil service brochures. "Activists, Radicals and Yippies" offered little analypenty deswhere in the press.

On the Beach. The payroll is now up to 140 people and the corporation has spread, amoeba-like, into any available office space in tiny Del Mar. The staffers seem positively euphoric about their mission and a working atmosphere partial to the present property freed up," says Craig Vetter, 26, a Careers writer. Formal hours are so casual as to be nonexistent, pants and bi-kinis are the girls' thing, and the men are dressed up when they don't go barrequent that their ends and beginning almost overlap.

Even older staffers are caught up in the mood. Clarence Olson, 41, has quit his job as assistant editor of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch Sunday magazine to become an assistant managing editor of Careers. "I walk to work, I camp in the house, I sleep on an air mattress," he says. "I'll just lie on the beach and maybe even buy a dune buggy."

The staff's enthusiasm and optimism seem justified, at least for now. Despite their flaws, the magazines—particularly



CHARNEY (SEATED FIFTH FROM LEFT) AND STAFF Through new fields of specialization.





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Psychology Today—are based on the sound idea of leading general readers shrough fascinating new fields of specialization. Charney is backing them with an intensive and well-financed promotion campaign. The charter issue of Cureers last September was mailed from the support of the special special special specialization. Charter issue of cure of the special special special special specialization of the specialization

John Veronis, 40, former senior vice president of Curtis Publishing and now a partner in the company (which has the pretentious title of Communications Research Machines), has persuaded 40 company (which has been applied to the property of the property o

# **EDITORS**

## Death of a Conscience

The enlightened Southern editor waging his fearless and lonely fight against prejudice has become a journalistic stereotype. Yet the death last week of the Atlanta Constitution's Ralph McGill. two days before his 71st birthday, was a painful reminder of just how rare such men are. For four decades his daily column caressed the South with his love, lashed it for its faults, served as its conscience. Surveys repeatedly rated him as both the region's bestliked and least-liked writer-but always the most read. Even his haters could not ignore him, because, as one of his admiring colleagues put it: "Mac had guts when it took guts to have guts.

Ralph McGill was no crusader. He considered his columns and editorials to be merely common-sense appeals to the humanitarian impulses of his fellow Southerners. A soft-spoken, always courteous man, he preferred understatement. He put down Alabama's Governor George Wallace's 1963 defiance at the schoolhouse door as "a little man standing alone in his diminishing circle." Fittingly, his last column, an open letter to new HEW Secretary Robert Finch. was a low-key plea that the Federal Government not yield to Southern plans to perpetuate dual school systems for Negroes and whites. "The freedom of choice plan is, in fact, neither real freedom nor a choice," McGill wrote, "It is discrimination."

Rostus. Only when an outrageous act angered him did McGill drop his civility. After the assassination of Rob-ert Kennedy, he assailed the "abbecsses in America's society—the jackals, the cowards, the hatters, the failures who hate achievers, the yapping fest pack that tries to drown out truth, those who dislike lews. Neces, Catholics, biberals: He won a Politizer Prize for the company of the c

hate are loosed on one people, then no one is safe." Yet McGill could also write warmly of "the acrid, nostalgic smell of wood burning beneath the weekly washday pots; the pine-and-oak smoke from chimneys of farmhouses fighting with the smell of wet-plowed earth."

Unike many Southern liberals who wish to be judged by the enemies they make, McGill was pained by the hatred he drew. His mailbox and front yard were bombed and raked by hird fife. Telephoned threats often awoke him throughout the night. Crosses were burned outside his home. Redneck politicians drew votes by railing against Rastus McGill." "Red Ralph (only a kaw-muh-mst talls like the!" and "those by "Jin' Aldanta papers." McGill could de-



McGILL Hunting the wolves of hate.

test the ideas of his enemies, but not the men themselves, nor could those who got to know him fail to respect whim. In the '30s and '40s McGill and Georgia's demagogic then-Governor Eugen Talmadage enagged in repeated public disputes, but Talmadge seriously asked McGill to write his biography—and McGill never could convince him of the suggestion's absurdity.

McGill is likely to be remembered as the most famous Southern editor since the Constitution's own Henry Grady pressed for the birth of a South" in the 1880s. Yet McGill, a Tennessee-born farm boy who always seemed embarrassed by his worldwide acclaim, preferred to think of himself as a reporter. Once a sportswriter, he later covered Hitler's invasion of Austria, the Nürnberg war-crime trials, 18 national political conventions-and he could also be seen scrambling through smoke-choked buildings on fire stories. Indeed, as the Constitution's editor, and particularly as its publisher since 1960, McGill proved too kindly to crack the

editorial whip that the slipping newspaper needed. It is a measure of the man that the paper enjoyed a reputation far exceeding its merit only because Ralph McGill was there.

# OPINION

# L.B.J.'s Musings About the Media

Fully aware that what he was saying would not appear until he was out of office, Lyndon Johnson sat down last May and wrote his view of the press for the 1969 Britannica Book of the Year. The result, described by I. B.J. as "the musings of a man who has seen the press only from the open end of the gun barrel," is an intriguing blend of accusation, sympathy and self-reproach.

"Even given the special interest of political leaders," says Johnson, "there is now a serious imbalance in the reporting of news." He cited a "brilliant satire" written by Meg Greenfield of the Washington Post about the reporting of the 1968 election campaign:

Idealistic young people chanting "shut up and drop dead" were interrupted four times by Vice President Humphrey. The interruptions were part of a speech which the youths charged had been "planned."

In much Washington reporting, Johnson complains, "policy may be distorted. Rumors of dark motives, or of unspecified dissent, may be given equal prominence with the expressed purposes of the Administration. Failure and conflict will certainly be emphasized."

While he concedes that reporters must point out the errors of public officials, he deems it unfair to blame Presidents for "everything from the generation gap to the price of bread." And he especially deplores "criticism of their character, in terms so stark that it makes them appear monsters who have imposed themselves on a helpless people."

Johnson admits "my inability to establish better rapport with the communications media. If I had it to do over again, I would try harder. My only stipulation would be an appeal to over again, I would try harder. My only stipulation would be an appeal to request that he did not hold more televised news conferences but claims that everaged more informal, on-the-record press briefings than Eisenhower or Kennedy. He makes the valid point that these offer a chance to "explore words specialcular" depth than in a televised specialcular.

As President, Johnson felt that he had a "fascination with the news," noting that he had three television screens in front of his desk, wire service machines behind it. Nixon has had them chines behind it. Nixon has had them seems to foresee that the new President will also be affected by the tone of the news. He begs the press to treat Presidents more evenly—"instead of on a roller coaster that carried them from unreasonable heights at the beginning of the horewmon was over."



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In other words, a Volvo is strong in the way a tank is strong and has strengths where a tank has weaknesses.

### Just how strong is a Volvo?

You could stack eight Volvos, one on top of another, without disturbing the Volvo on the bottom. That's a total of 10 tons. Six steel pillars, boxed for maximum strength, support the roof. (It's ironic that Detroit calls cars with no steel pillars "hardtops," when in reality they're just the opposite.)

Each side of the Volvo body is made from one solid piece of steel. There are no weak points because there are no seams. In other parts of the body, where seams occur, 8,000 spot welds fuse them together.

It's this kind of construction that once led Car & Driver Magazine to make the following observation.

"...the Volvo is possibly the toughest vehicle

anywhere this side of the Aberdeen Proving Grounds and there is a growing legion of happy owners who will be glad to verify the point."

The Aberdeen Proving Grounds, incidentally, is where the Army tests tanks.

# It even has armor-plating.

Volvo has a finish six coats thick. First the body is etched in zine phosphate so the paint gets a vise-like grip on the metal. Then it's dunked in rustproofing primer. The body then gets one undercoat, one sealer coat and three color coats of baked enamel. 33 lbs. of protection in all.

It's because of this that you hear stories like this...

One day a friend of this writer told of an experience with a dent in the door of his Volvo. He had it repaired and noticed that the shop charged him a modest sum for body work but nothing for paint. Being honest, he raised the point. The body man explained that after banging out the dent, the paint was still undamaged—so there was no need for a re-paint!

### A Volvo doesn't self-destruct in three years.

There is an obvious advantage in owning a car that's built like a Volvo. Once it's paid for, there's still something left to own.

A Volvo can help you fight off the impulse that drives you into debt every few years. Because by keeping it, you can begin making payments to yourself instead of the finance company.

Of course, if you're not interested in adding money to your coffers, you can sell your Volvo after three years. And delight in how little you lose.

Volvos depreciate as slowly as

they disintegrate.

# MODERN LIVING

# Hugh Hefner Faces Middle Age

THE rebellion of the middle-aged man is an American legend. He wakes up one morning and looks in the mirror—and there is a creased, faded, fuzzy carbon copy of the youth he once was. He is 40-odd, going to fat, bored with his job and his marriage. So—in the legend—he shaves, puts on his gaudiest tie, phones the boss to say he's not combete the properties of a mirror of the way is not a mirror of the way in the same of a mirror with his mistress to find his south his mistress to find his south.

Hugh M. Hefner is also an American legend, the is 42, and he is going through a change of life. But Hefner's Playboy empire has made him a millionaire 100 times over. He has no boss to bitch about, no wife to bore him, and he somewhat euphemistically claims to be "the biggest employer of beautiful women in the world." So what does he have to rebel against?

Popping Bennies. For one thing, a hangup on work. A spasmodic, frenetic editor who refused to delegate auhority. Hefner used to go on "work binges," during which he would labor in practically nothing, swigning Pepsi-Colas (25 a day) and popping bennies. "I developed a tremendous tolerance for amphetamines," he says. "My weight was a way of living not well calculated to be either lengthy or pleasant. I final by woke up to the fact that I had the world by the tall, and if I wanted to moved!".

Another Hefner hang-up is an almost Johnsonian concern for his place in history. As he told TIME Writer Charles Parmiter: "I would rather be me than, say, Richard Burton. Whatever I am is unique." Or: "I'm sure that I

will be remembered as one significant part of our time. We live in a period of rapid sociological change, and I am on the side of the angels." That concern was reflected in his joy at receiving a letter from the Chicago Historical Society, asking him to preserve his correspondence and memorabilia for its archives. And it was underscored by his chagrin last August when he ventured out of the mansion to watch the rioting during the Democratic National Convention and got rapped across the butt by a cop who failed to recognize one of the town's biggest taxpayers. As part of his change of life, Hefner wants to be recognized and loved.

Flying Womb. Being recognized first requires being seen-and the spanking convinced longtime Recluse Hefner that he must widen his horizons. He began by widening his lapels: off came the bathrobes and cardigan sweaters, on went \$15,000 worth of Edwardian suits from Chicago Tailor George Mashbitz. He quit taking amphetamines, started getting six or eight hours of sleep every day, worked out on a slant board and an exercise bicycle, and gradually built his weight back up to 175 lbs. He turned most of the day-to-day operation of his enterprises over to subordinates, and made travel plans-a tour of the Orient, a safari in Africa, Carnival in Rio. New Year's in Monaco.

Travel has always been a problem for Hefner, who speaks no foreign languages and got so nervous ("Call it womb sickness") on his only previous trip to Europe that he fled back to Chicago after a week. This time he plans to do it right. Moving along the production line at McDonnell Douglas Corp. is a \$5,000,000 "stretched" version of the DC-9, already painted black.

"My big black mother in the sky," Hef calls it. A regular DC-9 jetilner can carry 115 passengers, Hefner's will seat of 50 and sleep 15—or maybe 16, if there are two in the elliptical bed in Hefs's own compartment, the compartment, which also boasts a stereo console, a movie screen and a step-down Roman bath, is reached through a special retance in the underside of the plane.

Similarly symbolic of Hefner's desire for self-exposure is his appearance on a new 26-week variety series that so far has been syndicated in 23 cities. Filmed at the CBS-TV studios in Hollywood on a special \$35,000 set that includes a den, living room and rumpus room, PAD pretends to be an impromptu party, just Hef and 39 close friends (20 girls, 19 guys) turning on for the tuners-in. "Actually, there are two purposes behind the show," says Hefner. "One is to force me to change my life style; to do it. I had to get out of my mansion and go to Los Angeles. The other is to show the public that Hugh Hefner does not have horns. Fame is as meaningful to me as fortune.

Whether he stands to gain either out of PAD is debatable-because as an actor, Hefner makes a pretty good magazine publisher. He stands there woodenly in his tux and clipped-on bow tie, clutching a blonde model who is dressed in a yellow piece of chiffon stuck together with three safety pins. The model also acts a little camera-shy, probably because she has no bra on. "Good evening," huffs Hef. "I'm Hugh Hefner. Welcome to the party." On one typical show the two comic acts were Shari Lewis, a ventriloquist who looks like a Playboy bunny, and a duo called Yvonne Wilder and Jack Colvin-a sort of Skid Row Mike Nichols and Elaine May. The singers were Buddy Greco and John-ny Janis. Janis made history of sorts by being the first singer to perform at the Chicago Playboy Club, an honor from which he has never quite recov-



MODEL AND PLANS OF HEFNER'S PLANE



H.M.H. AFTER DARK

TELEVISION

ered. For cerebral chatter, there was Columnist Max Lerner, an old friend of Hef's. The conversation turned out badly. For one thing, Hef's cue-card questions ("Max, what about the sexual revolution Jack and Yvonne just illustrated for us . . . ? You've been calling for it for years. How do you like the way it's developing?") were shallow and awkward and Max was fairly addled. No wonder. Max may be 66, but he sat there looking for all the world like a man who is being teased to death, directly between a delicious Negro model in a lowcut dress and an extraordinarily endowed Playmate. During a break, Lerner was asked what he thought of the show. Said Max: "Some of my readers won't believe me when they see me sitting next to that girl. I think they put her next to me on purpose."

Quickening Stride, Criticism of PAd 10 know how good the show is," the says, "It's better than the Johnny Carson Show or the Joey Bishop Show, and I do a better job hosting than Ed Sullivan does." He is so convinced that the show will be a success (and indeed, the ratings have been successed to the season of the season of the season in the season in

He can afford one. While in many ways Playboy has become a bore-it seems more and more a triumph of distinctive packaging around a predictable product-the magazine sells 5,500,000 copies a month. The April issue will set an alltime record with almost \$3,500,-000 in advertising. The 17 Playboy Clubs and the Playboy resort hotels in Jamaica and Lake Geneva, Wis., have been so successful that plans are in the works for at least three new clubs, plus resorts in New Jersey, Nevada, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, Mexico and Spain. Hefner's empire earned him and his very few fellow stockholders \$6,868,165 last year, after taxes. But for all his alchemistic talent, Hefner's enthusiasm for business seems to be waning. "When a man is in his 40s," he says, "he realizes that there are only so many years in which to do certain things. I have decided that putting my philosophy in book form can wait until I'm 60." Thank God for that

In the meantime, there are places to go, things to see, and girls to meet. "Everyone should have the right to go to heaven or hell in his own way says. Hefner himself is trying for heaven. What is more, the mass producer of plastic-wrapped sex, the purveyor of pop hedonism, the great anti-Puritan who is out to make every square feel that he too can be a swinger, is looking for a heaven less in the style of Playboy than the Saturday Evening Post. "You know," says Hef wistfully, "in the next ten years I would rather meet a girl and fall in love and have her fall in love with me than make another hundred million dollars." He really means it, or thinks he does.

# PROGRAMMING

From Beautiful
Downtown Nowhere

Weird electronic music. A psychodelic tille card. And then, the opening scene of ABCs new "second season" show. Turn-On, Two we computer operators, one to the camera facing a madly flashing IBM 360, or something. Says black to white, "Twe never programmed a program before," He must be the only second-season TV man in Hollywood who placement shows had made their de-placement shows had made their de-placement shows had made their de-



SCENE FROM "TURN-ON"
Pigs in pokes, and some silk purses.

buts, and they all looked like print-outs from a stuck computer. Turn-On itself, produced by the orig-

inators of Laugh-In, looked like a halfhour reject from the Rowan and Martin memory bank. The host was neither Dan nor Dick but a computer, for the show was supposed to be "a satire on our dehumanized society." It was also intended as a "sensory assault," careening along, sometimes with the screen split four ways, reaching for a dizzying 300 laughs in a half hour. To add to the disorientation, the set was a white plaster cyclorama and the cast wore invisible white booties. It all seemed to come from beautiful downtown nowhere. So did the gags, leaning largely on contraception and homosexuality. In response to critics' and affiliates' protest, the network cancelled this week's episode and called a weekend meeting to determine the future of Turn-On.'

Coming in on lighter, unbootied feet was What's It All About, World? (ABC). From the same shop that created the Smothers Brothers show, the series was billed as a "sometimes biting" satistic revue. "We plan to kick the down open," the producers promised. The they closed it by hiring as host Disne Star Dean Jones (That Dam Car), all by laying on a premiere as topical. They struck body blows at Shirley The ple movies and George M. Cohyan piermache Richard Nixon head, and piermache Richard Nixon head, and that the start of the start of the start into This Land Is My Land.

The Glen Campbell Goodtime Hou (CBS) is a revival of the summer-sul stitute show starring Citybilly Singe Campbell (TIME, Jan. 31), Comic Pa Paulsen usually pops in, and the resu is pleasantly unobjectionable. Particu larly refreshing is the lack of over production numbers and the lightin psychedelia now in vogue. The sam could not be said of This Is Tom Jone (ABC), a variety bill headlined by Welsh baritone in the soul bag. Jone version of soul is three parts sweat an a half-part swivet. On the première, h was finished off by his continuity writ ers, lusterless Songstress Joey Heath erton, and Comic Richard Pryor, whos contribution was a tasteless impressio

of a Negro preacher. Even more painful is The Quee and I (CBS), a situation comedy whos plot is Bilko at sea. Very much at seathe Queen being an ocean liner heade for mothballs. Keeping it afloat is a mor onic purser (Larry Storch), whos schemes, like catering bar mitzvahs i port, are always being thwarted by th prissy first officer (Billy De Wolfe), Th boat is shipshape; the gags are strictl for the scrapyard. Sheldon Leonard, producer with, as they say, a good trac record (The Dick Van Dyke Show, Spy), has brought in a very usual and sa vorless crime series called My Friend Tony (NBC). He may have undone him self in attempting to reduce the vi

self in attempting to reduce the violence. The hero is a stodgy professo of criminology (James Whitmore); his in evitable sidekick, Tony (Enzo Cerusico) is a cross between Kookie of 77 Sun set Strip and Chester of Gunsmoke He doesn't limp like Chester; he just trips a lot over his Italian accent.

The remaining replacement series are game shows. The Generation Gap from David Susskind's Talent Associates, pit a team of three teen-agers against : trio of adults. The kids, it turned out could not identify Eddie Cantor or the FCC. The fogeys didn't know an "axe" (a guitar) from a hole in the ground Mostly the show just proved that peo ple who appear on such programs have an intelligence gap. Finally, ABC is add ing a prime-time version of Let's Make a Deal, the afternoon show in which hys terical housewives bid against each other for what may be a pig (or a silk purse in a poke. This year's second season has already played the game, and lost,

# The insomniac's guide to Paris.



le Voyage bar Air France

It's your time of day. The sun's life and so have you. Especially in Paris, where life after dark is like nowhere else on earth. We'll fly you here on one of our lively opernig apéritifs to pick up your appetite, and a glorious meal to satisfy it. We'll show you a movie\* and let one else grabs forty winks. And as the sun rises, and you drink your café au lait and eat your warm croissant, you'll arrive in Pariswhere no one can show you what's up better than we can, hour by hour any night of the week. We know where you're going.

# Minuit

Midnight in Paris. Very chic for

Espadon Grill 38, rue Cambon in the Ritz Hotel. Cold buffet after midnight.

served up by the best-knows American in Paris, Leroy Haynes.

La Colombe 4, rue de la Colombe.

Charming candlelit restaurant on
the Ile St.-Louis.

ian cuisine. La Table du Mandarin 8, rue de l'Echelle. Chinese.

Les Mes Marquises 15, rue de la Gaîté. The oysters and the rabbit stew here used to delight Edith Piaf. (Open

Une beure

One a.m. Time for the late show at the <u>Lido</u> 78, Champs-Elysées, and the Moulin Rouge on the Place Pigalle. Other boites devoted to the female form, and open until all hours, are:

Tabaris Place Pigalle You'll find more conventional enter tainment (up until 2 o'clock) at: ling de Paris in the Jardin d'Ac alleys, very smart clientèle.
Bowling de la Matène 226, ave. de
la République. Sixteen alleys and a
panoramic view of the city.

Excel-Max 162, quai de Polangis If you're not the athletic sort but are

may jind it playing Paris Ialest might-line rage: minialenc car racing, The Complexe Auteuil Loisirs Techniques 20, rue Erlanger, boastsdong with its every imposing name — the largest race course in Europe. More modest but every bit as thrilling is Miniland at 57, rue de Seine 
or 62, rue Mazarine.

Deux heures Dance the night away at the one, Dance the night away at the one, the only, the original Whiskey à go-go 10, rue de Beaujolais, the place where it all began. All Paris discothèques stay open until they feel like closing, but here you'll be dancing where history was made! The <u>Podka</u> 7, rue St.-Séverin, caters to a very posh Parisian crowd, <u>Le Bal des</u> <u>Anglais</u> 6, rue des Anglais, is popula how to dance. You can sway to West Indian rhythms at La Cabane Antil-laise 23, rue Durantin, or amid the elegant trappings of the Club de l'Etoile 4, ave. Victor-Hugo.

Trois heures
Bars, like discothèques, close in
Paris when the last customer cal mer calls i

a night-or a day, as the case may be. You'll find wide-awake company at Harry's Bar 5, rue Dannou, much at Harry's Bur S, rue Daunou, much of it English-speaking (which can be a comfort at 3 in the morning). Despite its fame, Harry's is still one of the most sympathique bars in Paris—for Parisians as well as for Americans. There's a cave down-stairs where a plaintst prompts the nostalgic musing so appropriate to Other lively spas

Aux Cinq Billards 20, rue Mouffe-tard. Practice your French here with

Les Petits Pavés 4, rue Bernard-Palissy. Intellectual debates, intellectual gossip. Rosebud 11 bis, rue Delambre, where theater and artistic folk come for chili and grills. (Named after the dying words of Citizen Kane.) Ascot 66, rue Pierre-Charron.

A charming bar, with delightful
piano music.

Quatre heures
A terrible hour usually, the hour
when some insomniacs call it quits and others catch their second wind If you decide to give in, pick up some sleeping pills at an all-night pharmacy:

<u>Pharmacie Première</u> 24, blvd. de Sébastopol. Proniewski 5, place Blanche.

Or pick up some cold cuts and beer at Gagneron 26, blod. de Clichy (open until 4:30 every night but (open until 430 every night but Monday), so back to your hotel and call Mystag 366-80-26. By the time you've finished your snack, he may be there to hypnotize you into a trance-like sleep. (\$50 for a two-and-a-half hour session.) Wisking up is your problem.

Cinq heures

Catch a jam session at the <u>Living</u> Room 25, rue du Colisée, with some of the city's finest jazz musicians of the city's finest fazz missicians— Parisians or, like you, sleepless visi-tors. Or see what's happening at La Calavados 40, ave. Pierre-ter-de-Serbie, where you can have an omelet or sandwich while you did the music

If you want the food but not the jazz, stop in at Chez Proust 68, rue des Martyrs, open around the clock and unknown even by most people who live here. Enjoy a marvelous foic gras or an even better cassou-let (beans, pork and sausage)—a hearty and sleep-inducing way to end your day.

# Six heures

Comes the dawn. Watch it break from the stebs of Sacré Coeur, look ing south over the city from the top of Montmartre. Or looking west from the Panthéon as the light catches the dome of the Invalides, Wander through the Juileries Gardens as the sky turns rosy. Or sit in the Square

René Viviani beside the Seine, and see the sun rise behind the towers of Notre Dame. perfect place to welcome the new day—except the Eiffel Tower, which doesn't open until 10:45—long after your bedtime, unfortunately.

Numéros de téléphone To join the sleepless crowd in Paris

call your travel agent. Or Air New York, 656-6000 Boston, 482-4890 Chicago, 782-6181 Washington, 337-8711. Los Angeles, 625-7171 Los Angeles, 625-7171. San Francisco, 982-7150 Miami, 379-6444.

tereo and movies by Inflight Mot ictures available at nominal cost,



We know where vou're going.



TRILOKNATH TEMPLE IN MANDI, INDIA

# ART

# STYLES

Perilous Pilgrimage
In a hundred ages of the gods, I

could not tell thee of the glories of the Himalayas.

—The Puranas.

Scriptures of Ancient India

The dizzying glories of the Himalaya peaks and gorges have long been celebrated, but few outsiders realized that, tucked away in monasteries and temples, the Himalayas harbored other glories—those of a strangely distinctive art. Scholars knew thirmlayan art was an offshoot of the Indian tradition, which was not the thread of the Indian tradition, which was nowly by repute, since they was mostly by repute, since they was mostly by repute, since they was mostly by repute, since they level and the physical stamina or the political errice necessary to reach the remote leys and high plateaus where the monastries and temples were lodged.

Now, to the delight of armchair travelers and art historians alike, an Indian art expert and cureer diplomat named other scholars could not. With official and sympathetic help from all the governments concerned, Singh made 35 treks into the remotest regions of the has just been published by UNESCO, the first volume in its Art Books series. It contains a photographic record (see colorosito) and for the first time remotest and the series of the ser

Cloistered Valleys. To his task, Singh brought unique qualifications. His uncle had been court painter to the Maharajah of Kashmir. From his youth, Singh himself had been enchanted by the graceful ancient sculptures of India, photographed them assiduously even

as he studied for a diplomatic career. Later, in his diplomatic role, he accompanied the late Jawaharlal Nehru on a visit to Ladakh and there saw paintings and sculptures that few outsiders had ever seen before; and he had comparable luck in Nepal, Bhutan and Sikkim. The divergence from traditional Indian art fascinated him.

Taking a year's leave of absence from his diplomatic post in Madrid, Singh set out to record the art of the whole Himalayan region. Most crucial to his success was a letter from the Dalai Lama -he carried it "like a magic wand." It authorized him to photograph inside Hindu and Buddhist temples, which is ordinarily prohibited. By mule, Jeep, helicopter and on foot, across dizzying rope bridges, up perilous footpaths, he scaled heights that literally took his breath away. Once he narrowly escaped death when he slipped and fell, only to catch a sturdy bush ten feet down the mountainside. An equally unnerving incident occurred when he was forced to descend from a 13,500-ft. pass in a blinding snowstorm at night, while rocks exploded all around from the swift tem-

perature change. The 7,000 photographs of manusculptures and paintings he brought back demonstrate that in the isolation of thousands of cloistered vallevs. Himalavan artists developed a magnificence and mystery of their own. "The visual diversity of Himalayan art is incredibly wide," says Singh, "The sculptures are carved in all forms of relief, and in painting the variety of colors is equally rich. But to find the leitmotiv," he adds, "one must look bevond its incidental stylistic, mythological, ritualistic and legendary associations, toward the majestic silvery peaks symbolizing primeval ideals."

Skulls and Symbolism. One of the most striking symbols of the mountains that Singh discovered was the "Lord of the Soil," Shiva, A flaming trident of gold surmounting a silver sculpture of a skull, it stands poised against the blue Himalavan skies atop the famed Kye monastery in India's Spiti Valley. As the all-seeing Divine Yogi of the Himalayas, Shiva is the most commonly portrayed deity, but he appears in many forms, Perhaps Singh's favorite Shiva image was a painted five-headed stone sculpture in a temple at Mandi. "Entering the temple," he recalls, "I vaguely saw what looked like a lump of snow. As I got used to the darkness, the images began to take shape, and gradually the red eyes emerged, like the early rays of the sun. In conveying the atmosphere of the snow-covered peaks and Shiva's identity with them, the artist was triumphantly successful.'

Such horrific visages, Singh found were particularly prevalent in the desolate Lahaul and Spitt valleys, inspired perhaps by the rugged peaks, which as perhaps by the rugged peaks, which as turns in the changing light of the day. Farther north in glacier-spotted Ladakh the graceful refinements of neighboring around the peak of the rugged peaks of the rugged peaks of the rugged peaks whose blue-black features rendered he amost invisible in the darkness. To capture the delicate flowers in each cauture the delicate flowers in each cauture the placed a ritual oil lamp in het laps.

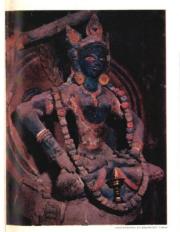
Gods and Terror. In Nepal, Himalayan art reached a greater sophistication. The emerald valley of Katmand, west among wild gorges at the foot of Mount Everset—abounded in lively pivids combining human and aimina forms. A spectacularly demonic examje, Singh found, was the boar-shaped incarnation of Vishnu smeared with reftincarnation of Vishnu smeared with reftincarnation of Vishnu smeared with reftince that the state of the shall be also the state of the shall be also the shall ity of Nepalese carvers to twist brittle stone into sinuous shapes.

It is not surprising that the art of people who spend their lives in the shadow of groaning glaciers and descending avalanches proves to be considerably cruder in feeling and execution than its more refined Indian counterpart. Moreover, local artists freely improvised their own versions of the deities. This is especially common in Bhutan, where monasteries reserve a small dark room, called a Goinkhang, to display animal skins and teeth, as well as the remains of sacrificial victims or enemies. In one such gloomy cell, Singh found the fearsome wall painting representing the "Wheel of Existence." Though wholly unsophisticated, it is as terrifying as a Dantean hell with its misshapen witches, demons monsters and wincing sinners. It is this peculiar penchant for the grotesquein contrast to the elegance of Indian styles-that gives Himalayan art its

unique power.

# the Brutal glories of the himalayas

Amid the towering Himalayas, monks have for centuries graven icons and covered temple walls with murals whose savage splendor echoes both their faith, a fanciful combination of Buddhism and Hindiush known as Vajirayana, and the brutality of their windswept surroundings. Typical of the simous Kashmiri style is a 12th century consort, or Shakti, of the Buddhia (below). Symbols Shiva, a trident and skull, are incorporated into a kind capture of the simous construction of the simous construction of the simous construction of the simous construction. Shive a simous portrayed with five faces as the all-seeing Divine Yogi in one massive, red-eyed 14th century grotesque from Himachal Pardsels (lower right).









In Negal, the temple arrists focused on bursh human-animal forms. One blunt 5th century Negalese statue shows Vishnu, in the form of a boar, slaying the demon Hiranyaksha (above). A later, more sophisticated Nepalese stone carving portravs Vishnu, in his incarnation as man-lion, icars and the prospect of being eaten by a swin-sh monster, a sinner writhes (below) in a detail from a 17th century Bhutanese mural.





# GALLERIES

## How to Attend an Opening

Consider the middle-income Manhattan executive, say, who is invited to attend the weekday-evening vernissage of his favorite nephew, an artist. He thinks he is entering the charmed circle of bohemia. He finds himself in a small upstairs room where dozens of people exactly like himself are sipping watery punch and gabbling uneasily. His only consolation is that the room is so crowded that he can't see the pictures.

Actually, his nephew's kind of opening is as out of date as The Moon and Sixpence. The openings that today's most authentic bohemians frequent take place on a Saturday, and during regular gallery hours. The dealer serves no drinks. The public is welcome, even solicited with an ad in Saturday's Times. But the "public" that comes consists largely of artists, collectors, curators, critics, and miscellaneous chums.

Rituals and Taboos. They are all part of the New York art scene-an open-minded society. Said Louis Tananbaum, a Wall Street stockbroker who was making the rounds of the galleries last Saturday with his wife Linda: "My great discovery was that you didn't have to be invited to a Saturday opening. You don't have to know anybody. All you do is talk to one person at a gallery, and he'll say, 'Have you been to such and such an opening?' That's your next stop."

Starting the conversation takes a knack. For, like any inbred subculture, the art world has its own rituals and taboos. Dealers, of course, are always happy to talk to a stranger on the theory that he or she may turn out to be a customer. Unfortunately, so many well-known collectors pound the pavements on Saturday afternoons that the amateur buyer is apt to be abandoned in the middle of a price list. Artists giving a show can be approached easily enough by way of a compliment, preferably sincere. After that, the ball must be kept rolling to produce the desired results. Technical questions are usually safest, for example, "Tell me, Mr. Bannard, which particular shades of Dutch Boy house paints did you use?

For the beginner, it is well to remember that art-world habitués eat. sleep and breathe art, even though most of them cannot afford to cover their walls with it (especially the many art students and part-time art teachers). Thus at even the looniest creations. Remarks like "Is this some sort of a put-on?" instantly brand anyone as an outsider

Flight Pattern. Last week in Manhattan, no fewer than seven major exhibitions opened on Saturday. The crowds that cruised through them followed an invisible but well-defined flight pattern either up or down Madison Avenue between 79th and 57th Streets. Clothes counted, but not much. Folk over 35 preferred the "expensive square"

look: Italian tailoring for the men, boots and casual furs for the wives. The vounger element went in for "proletarian mod"-long hair, long coats and long pants on the girls, 19th century haircuts, leather jackets and blue jeans for the men

Look and Listen, Peak hour, when good friends gathered to greet one another, was around 4 p.m.—a time when the newcomer might be well advised to gaze raptly at the art and keep his ears open. Indisputably, the most rewarding place to do both last week was the brandnew Lawrence Rubin Gallery on West 57th Street. Sometime Paris Dealer Rubin had lured a gilt-edged stable of colorfield abstractionists away from other dealers. The walls of his gallery were ablaze with the rainbow hues of Frank

RUBIN (RIGHT) SURVEYING OPENING The amateur is apt to be abandoned in the middle of a price list. Stella and Morris Louis, Kenneth No-

land and Jules Olitski. The crowd on the gallery floor was just as many-splendored. Among artists. Larry Poons put in an appearance, as did Lucas Samaras and Christo, Critic Clement Greenberg was there, as were Collectors S. Carter Burden Jr. and Richard Brown Baker. Yet an eavesdropper might have heard one artist confiding: "There's a strange cloud hanging over us this year. It's keeping all of

us from producing. At the super-cool Dwan Gallery, Billy Apple, who works only in neon, could be heard declaring his rapture over the "non-sites" displayed by Rob-ert Smithson. "Fantastic!" cried this artist of light, contemplating bare metal bins filled with chunks of coal and gypsum. Why? "Because it's not for sale! That's what art ought to be. You can't merchandise it. There! You see?" He pointed at two mods tramping across a 'non-site" made from mirrors set on the gallery floor, with gravel piled atop them. The mirror splintered beneath

their heels. "He'll never sell that," cried Apple, "Beautiful!"

No one, in fact, makes better use of open openings than other artists. Abstract painters check into the techniques of figure painters, and vice versa. Malcolm Morley, whose bag is photographic realism, lingered at the Fischbach Gallery to admire Allan D'Arcangelo's smashingly bold black-and-white striped abstractions. Elder statesmen lend their prestige to young hopefuls. Robert Rauschenberg looked in at the Castelli Gallery to bestow his benison on a brash, new California satirist named Richard Pettibone, who had assembled an "Andy Warhol retrospective" out of miniature copies of Warhol soup cans and Brillo

There the crowd was young and ex-



BEVERLY PEPPER

uberant. Someone observed that the big spenders were at Larry Rubin's. "We just need middle-sized spenders," purred Castelli, diplomatically ignoring a peace pipe being passed about the room in back of him.

Fortunately for Rome-based Beverly Pepper, her sedate Marlborough-Gerson Gallery still believes in evening openings. Hence, she was able to summon an elegant gathering on Friday night to drink real liquor and view her gleaming, stainless-steel sculptures. The wall-to-wall gathering included Authors Gore Vidal and A. E. Hotchner, Sculptress Marisol and Director Sidney Lumet. Then, on the following Saturday, the gallery was able to charge \$1.50 to all the usual Saturday visitors for an "Italian" orphans' benefit." Only the promise of a suitable benefit had enabled Beverly to persuade New York's striking longshoremen to remove her sculpture from the ship's hold in time for the opening. "I felt like I was in the Perils of Pauline." she said, "lying on the tracks with the train bearing down on me.

# THE LAW

### BAIL

# Preventive Detention

President Nixon's suggestion that "preventive detention" would be one good remedy for crime in the District of Columbia met with sharply divided reaction on Capitol Hill. West Virginia's Democratic Senator Robert Byrd applauded the idea of pretrial jailing of accused criminals thought likely to break the law while out on bail. "Unless we have a safe society," said Byrd, "we are not going to have a free society. But North Carolina Democrat Sam Ervin Jr., a member of the powerful Senate Judiciary Committee and usually no supporter of libertarian causes, was incensed. Preventive detention, he said, is "inconsistent with a free society

Unfair to the Poor, The argument has, in fact, been raging for several years. In 1966, Congress passed the Bail Reform Act, which enables federal judges to release a man without bail when a check into his background indicates that he can be counted on not to run away before his trial. But a large number of those freed on bail (estimates in different studies vary from 8% to 45%) have become repeaters even before they come to trial. Some felons, say the authorities, rob a second time in order to pay a lawyer to defend them on the first charge. Others, believing that they will get concurrent sentences anyway (meaning that they can serve both sentences at the same time), figure that they have nothing to lose from another burglary

Defenders of the Bail Reform Act point out that money bail has always been unfair to the poor. The original aim of bail was only to assure that a man would show up for his trial, and al-

though the Constitution forbids excessive bail, judges commonly set high figures for many crimes. The result is a form of preventive detention for the poor man who does not have the cash or credit to pay. Pretrial jailing not only punishes a man who may be innocent, but effectively prevents him from working to pay for his defense. Moreover, studies have shown that when a man has been locked up before his trial, he is more likely to be convicted and get a higher sentence.

Because the bail system discriminates against the poor, Italy, Denmark and Sweden do not employ it. In all three nations, however, magistrates have the ower to detain a man after his arrest. In Italy, lawyers have protested that too many persons are imprisoned for long periods and, if they are later declared innocent, may not recover damages for false imprisonment. Even in Britain, where a man may obtain his release by merely promising to pay bail, judges have broad power to lock up persons whom they consider dangerous. That such a system can be abused has been dramatically demonstrated by South Africa, where the ruling white minority may imprison for an indefinite time persons accused of "terrorist activities

Police State? The possibility of letting violent men loose on bail to repeat their crimes is abhorrent to most citizens. But constitutional experts agree that to keep an accused person in prison because of a judge's belief that he may commit a crime while at liberty could very well violate the due-process clause of the Fifth Amendment. Jim Martin, president of the Dallas County Criminal Bar Association, calls it "most certainly the first step toward a police state." Harold Greene Chief Judge of the capital's Court of General Sessions, is among those who argue that it is impossible to identify re peaters beforehand with any reasonable accuracy. Greene claims that judge would have to detain "eight, ten or per haps more suspects who would not com mit crimes while out on bail in order to be sure to keep off the streets the one defendant who will."

One reason for the problem is crowd ed court calendars. In the District of Co lumbia, for example, it takes at leas ten months to bring a man to trial And the longer the accused is free, the stronger the chance that he will be ar rested again. Senator Ervin has argued that if the time between arrest and tria lasted only from six to eight weeks there would be no clamor for preven tive detention. Even those who favor the idea believe a man should be de tained for only a limited time-which would mean that the courts would have

to provide quicker trials anyway. Another possible solution is closer su ervision of those who are released This tactic was endorsed last year by the American Bar Association, which called on the courts to set curfews for certain defendants, to require them to re port regularly to court officers and to prohibit them from carrying a weapor or other acts that might bring trouble The Vera Institute of Justice, a nonprofit research group seeking to modernize legal procedures, started a trend away from money bail in Manhattan is now offering job training and counseling to some of those who are released on their own word.

Alternative Remedies, When a mar violates the terms of his release, the A.B.A. agrees it would be reasonable to detain him. But the A.B.A. has avoided endorsing preventive detention in general, because "measures short of de tention have never been tested."

President Nixon may be well advised to look into alternative remedies before he presents his legislation on preventive detention to Congress. In view of the delicate constitutional issues involved, the Administration could wait to see if any other approach will work before prescribing a variety of prevention that, in some ways, may turn out to be worse than the problem itself

# APPEALS

Victory for the Scientologists Food and Drug Administration agents who raided the headquarters of an organization known as the Founding Church of Scientology six years ago confiscated neither food nor drugs. Instead they carted off books, pamphlets, and a collection of electronic gadgets called E-meters. In court, the Government said that the literature had made misleading statements about the machines' curative powers and had thus violated the federal law against improper labeling. A federal jury agreed. Last week, however the U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington, D.C., reversed that decision. Until the Government can refute the



COUNSELING BAIL APPLICANTS AT VERA INSTITUTE IN MANHATTAN Where is the borderline between a safe society and a free society?

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ABC Evening News with Frank Reynolds



claim that Scientology is a religion, said the court, the E-meters and their accompanying leaflets are protected from seizure by the right of freedom of worship—which puts them beyond the reach of the FDA.

Scientology's founder, L. Ron Hubbard, 57, is an evangelist who contends
that his E-meters can not only detect unhealthy habit patterns that he calls "engrams," but can also pick up subte
management of the management of the calls can
agent to the content of the calls can
agent to the content of the calls can
agent that are connected to the E-meter,
a crude galvanometer that supposedly
translates sight variations in voltage
internals are measurement of emotional retention of the content of the calls calls calls
defined by trained Scientologists, sound
ducted by trained Scientologists, sound



"AUDITING" WITH AN E-METER The equivalent of Scripture.

like a cross between psychoanalysis and an encounter with a Zen master, all in the language of computer technology. To reach an advanced stage of enlightenment may cost a believer as much as \$15,000 for tuition, equipment and lodging at Scientology centers.

In the decision, Judge I, Skelly Wright pointed out that, from the Scientologust's point of view, the "auditing or processing is a central practice of their religion, akin to confession in the Catherian of the

In the absence of proof to the contrary, said Wright, the literature accompanying the E-meters must be treated as Scripture. To bolster his opinion, Judge Wright pointed out that Hubbard's organization is incorporated as a church in the District of Columbia and that its ministers are even qualified to perform marriages and burial rites.

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# MILESTONES

Married, Arndt von Bohlen und Habach, 31, sein of the Krupp steel co poration who receives an allowance or southout of the process the married with the married

Divorced. By George Balanchine, 6 master shoreographer and artistic of rector of the New York City Ballet Con pany for 20 years: Tanaquil LeClera 39, onetime prima ballerina who, afte locoming Balanchine's fifth wife, w forced to give up dancing forever whe contracted polio in Copenhagen is compatibility, after 16 years of marriage no children; in Juárez, Mexison in Juáre

Died. Conrad ("Nicky") Hilton Jr 42, a director of his father's 41-natio hotel chain and inveterate playboy, wh in 1950 became the first husband of a 18-year-old super-starlet named Elizz beth Taylor, was divorced by her afte nine months and later remarried onl once; of a heart attack; in West Los Ar geles, Calif.

Died. Thelma Ritter, 63, Brooklyn born character actress; of a heart at tack; in Jamaica, N.Y. Her voice wa purest Greenpoint gravel and her vis age was forever screwed into the cit dweller's skeptical query: "Who ya' tryir to kid, buster?" She began her career as she once put it, on the road as "an ob noxious child actress—the poor man' in 1927 and settled into domesticity but in 1946 resumed her career in Mir acle on 34th Street, portraying an irate mother haranguing a Macy's Sant Claus. Her sad face and sagging forn soon became familiar screen fixtures She was nominated for an Oscar as Bette Davis' wryly sagacious maid in All Abou Eve, for the tart relief she brought to such confections as The Mating Season (1951) and Pillow Talk (1959) and for three other roles, but never won the award. Said Thelma: "I'm the William Jennings Bryan of acting.

Died. Alfred Taliaferro, 63, former Walt Disney cartoonist who in 1938 conjured up a splenetic duck named Donald whose quackpot rages have delighted generations of children and earned untold millions for Disney's dominions; of cancer; in Los Angeles.

Died. Ralph McGill, 70, Pulitzerprizewinning editorial writer and publisher of the Atlanta Constitution (see THE PRESS). Died. Li Tsung-jen, 78, opportunistic Chinese general who fought with Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang forces against both the Communists and the Japanese, was elected Vice President of the tottering Chinese Republic in 1948, and after serving briefly as President, exiled himself to the U.S. in 1949 before defecting to Communist China; after a long illness; in Peking.

Died. Boris Karloff, 81, whose frightening portrayals of monsters and murderers chilled audiences for nearly half a century; of heart and lung disease; in Midhurst, England. Despite his sarcophagus glare, sanguinary deeds and voice from the tomb, Karloff terrified with a twinkle. "The idea of terror," he once said, "is to make the audience's hair stand on end, not to make them lose their breakfast." Off-screen, the Britishborn actor was a warm, witty, twice-married man who looked every inch the career diplomat that his father, a civil servant, wanted him to be. In 1931, after 15 years of minor parts, Karloff created his classic monster in Frankenstein. The creature with the mindless eyes, the scar-seamed cheeks and the ruthless, jutting forehead helped the movie to gross millions (on a cost of only \$250,000) and spawned equally lucrative successors (Bride of Frankenstein. Son of Frankenstein). Critics praised him for the breadth of talent he displayed within the confines of archetype-casting: the ultimate Yellow Peril in The Mask of Fu Manchu (1932); the mad murderer in the Broadway version of Arsenic and Old Lace (1941); the contemptible Captain Hook in Peter Pan (1950). Through some 200 movies and plays Karloff maintained a steadfast affection for the Doppelgänger that dogged him, "Dr. Frankenstein's monster was inarticulate, helpless and tragic," he once reflected, "But I owe everything to him. He's my best friend,'

Died, Giovanni Martinelli, 83, dashing tenor whose voice rang molto con brio across the Metropolitan Opera stage for 32 years; of a ruptured aorta; in Manhattan. As a young soldier in the Italian army, Martinelli was persuaded to study voice by his bandmaster-sergeant. He labored under Toscanini in Rome, went to New York in 1913 after establishing himself as one of Europe's most promising dramatic tenors. By then, the Met had become the preserve of Enrico Caruso, but Martinelli held his own. He ate as voluptuously as he sang (a hearty lobster dinner once led to his collapse during Aida), but he was careful to pamper his voice, reaching the peak of his career at age 52 with an intense performance in the title role of Verdi's Otello. He retired in 1945 to teach voice, but in 1967, while lecturing in Seattle, Martinelli was asked to replace an ailing tenor in a local production. He sang the emperor in Puccini's Turandot, and the audience gave him two standing ovations.



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The survivors of Volkswagen training schools are as much engineers as mechanics.

They know all there is to know about Volkswagens. Or else.

And so behind every genuine VW replacement part stands a calm VW dealer. If something goes wrong-boom. Out it comes and in goes another one.

No problem.

All this is part of the quaint VW notion that the service has got to be as good as the car itself.



So our people learn at our expense, grate on our nerves,

# BUSINESS

# THE RISING BATTLE OVER CIGARETTE ADVERTISING

THE nation's cigarette manufacturers have been under increasing fire since the U.S. Surgeon General reported in 1964 that "cigarette smoking contributes substantially to mortality." The Surgeon General, the U.S. Public Health Service and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare have brought out steadily stronger reports, including evidence that the average heavy smoker dies eight years sooner than the nonsmoker. HEW began distributing pamphlets to schools, warning of the dangers of smoking, Congress in 1965 ordered that cigarette packs must carry the warning "Caution: Cigarette Smoking May Be Hazardous to Your Health.' Twenty months ago, the Federal Communications Commission ordered that the intricate legal and moral questions of whether the Government has the right to limit several lines of businesses. even for the sake of public health.

The drives against smoking have already hurt the manufacturers. Last year smoking declined for the first time since the 1964 report caused a one-year slump. Although the nation's over-15 population has increased, the estimated number of U.S. smokers has dipped since 1964 from 70 million to 60 million. The number of cigarettes consumed in the U.S. dropped in the past year from agers no longer feel obliged to smoke: it is no longer necessarily the thing to do. Responding to these ill portents, cigarette companies have accelerated their

gress either to write a tougher law or to let the act expire and thus enable the FCC to enforce a ban.

Congressional opposition to cigarettes has stiffened considerably since the original labeling law was passed. Congressmen have been impressed by the fact that bans on some or all cigarette advertising have been enacted in Britain. France, Italy, Norway, Denmark and other countries. The late Senator Robert Kennedy proposed that the U.S. follow their example, Washington's Senator Warren Magnuson is the author of an antismoking book, and Utah's Frank Moss is another outspoken tobacco critic. The prospect is for a long and emotional fight, leading to stricter limits on the promotion of cigarettes.



NEWPORT TV COMMERCIAL

TAREYTON AD



the television and radio networks must donate "significant" time to the American Cancer Society and other orgacosmetics and pet foods nizations to rebut cigarette commercials.

Last week the FCC delivered what could be the heaviest blow of all. By a 6to-1 vote, the commissioners ruled that all cigarette advertising should be banned from TV and radio. Whether the FCC really has the power to order and enforce such a ban will be decided ultimately by Congress, and perhaps in the courts. Last week's ruling was the opening shot in what shapes up as an incendiary battle that will carry through 1969 and probably beyond.

Sales Down. The Tobacco Institute, spokesman for the industry, called the FCC's proposed ban "arbitrary in the ex-A number of Congressmen from North Carolina, Kentucky and other primary tobacco-growing states also raised objections. They had some important economic arguments. Altogether 18 states raise tobacco in significant amounts; millions of Americans are somehow involved in tobacco growing, processing or marketing; cigarettes last year contributed \$8.4 billion to the gross national product and \$4.1 billion to federal and local taxes. Beyond that are

diversification drives, which have spread them into such businesses as soft drinks,

Opposition Up. What would happen if broadcast advertising were indeed restricted? The networks would stand to lose about \$200 million in revenues (11% of their total), the bulk of which the manufacturers would probably channel elsewhere. Most likely, they would spend part of it-but not all-in other media. They would also invest some in further diversification and spend more for coupons and contests. They might even increase their budgets for scientific research into smoking and health

The issue will come to a head about June 30, when the Cigarette Labeling and Advertising Act of 1965 is due to expire. That law was a compromise. The antismoking forces in Congress pushed through the requirement for warning labels. To assuage the pro-tobacco forces, however, the warning was toned down from the one originally proposed -the words "death" and "cancer" were not mentioned. As an equally important part of the compromise, the act prohibited any agency from restricting cigarette advertising on its own. In last week's action, the FCC challenged Con-



MARLBORO AD

# EARNINGS

# **Beyond Expectations**

U.S. corporate chiefs, who have long complained of a profits squeeze, fared better in 1968 than they had any reason to expect. They were beset by rising labor and material costs, year-long predictions of imminent economic slowdown and the 10% income tax surcharge. But the slowdown never materialized, and many companies managed to offset higher costs and taxes by increasing their prices and generating more sales. The results from early-reporting corporations indicate that after-tax profits climbed by 6% from the \$48 billion of 1967 and at least equaled the \$51 billion record of 1966.

Higher totals, however, do not tell the whole story. The profit gains were in inflated dollars, which have less purchasing power when plowed back into raw materials, expanded inventories or new plants. Some companies also made their profits look better by changes in accounting methods, notably to straightline depreciation procedures, by which equipment costs are distributed over a greater number of years. Items:

• The auto industry sold 10,400,000

U.S.-made cars and trucks in 1968, the best year for total vehicle sales in Detroit's history. Despite slightly lower profit margins, General Motors had a \$1.73 billion profit, up 6% from 1967, on record saies of \$22.8 billion. Chrysler increased earnings by 45%, to \$291 million. Ford, which has yet to report, will show a gain over 1967, when it was slowed by a 49-day strike. Struggling American Motors earned \$11.8 million during the fiscal year ending last September, its first full-year profit since 1965. The performance was helped by tax credits and the sale of the unprofitable Kelvinator Division. Chairman Roy D. Chapin Jr. announced last week that A.M.C. will aim for annual auto sales of 500,000 by the early 1970s, nearly double the present level.

· Steelmakers got a big lift from the

auto boom, but results were still uneven as the industry continued to be hurt by competition from imports. U.S. Steel reported earnings of \$253 million, seemingly much better than the \$172 million of the year before. But the gain was entirely attributable to the company's switchover to straight-line depreciation; otherwise, its profit would have only been \$94 million. Accounting changes also contributed to profit increases at Inland Steel (up 44%). Bethlehem (21%) and Republic Steel (4%), · Oil and chemical companies generally did well on the strength of greater demand and firmer prices. Standard Oil of New Jersey, the oil-industry leader. earned an alltime high of \$1.275 billion, up 10% from the year before, on sales of \$16 billion. Texaco also set a record with earnings of \$835.5 million. while Atlantic Richfield gained 14.5% over 1967, Mobil 11% and Gulf, California Standard and U.S. Shell each about 10%. The chemical industry was cheered by the end of a slump in sales of synthetic textiles. Du Pont, which derives one-third of its business from nylon and other synthetics, increased its profits 18%, to \$372 million

 Among other manufacturing concerns, the profit returns were mixed. Xerox Corp. ran. off a new record for the 17th consecutive year, increasing profits by 16%, to \$116 million. General Elecdecline by "no more than 25%" below 1967's record \$361 million, but its leading competitor, Westinghouse, reported a 10% earnings gain, to \$135 million, Alcoa carred \$150 million, which was \$28 less than 1967, but was still quite political than 1967, but and crappled the company in mid-year.

The biggest moneymaker among U.S. companies has year was not General Motors, the world's largest corporation, but tors, the world's largest corporation, but American Telephone & Telegraph, which earned \$2.05 hillion, giving it a 15% return on revenues of \$14.1 hillion. A.T. & T.'s 3,142,000 stockholders, were happy about that performance, but the rest of the country benefited too. The company's federal tast bill came to \$1.95 billion, or 1% of the Government's tools budget receipts.

# ENTREPRENEURS

### The Greek for Go-Between

When the Republican Party needed an extra \$500,000 in a hurry to help pay for President Nixon's Inauguration festivities, it turned to Boston Entrepreneur Thomas Anthony Pappas, He raised the money in nine days of hectic telephoning to other friends of the G.O.P. Then Tom Pappas dropped in on some old acquaintances. He visited Ike and Mamie Eisenhower at Walter Reed Hospital, chatted with Richard Nixon and Henry Cabot Lodge, and with Secretary of State William Rogers went over the names of some candidates for the post of U.S. Ambassador to Greece.

Greek-born Tom Pappas has made a



PAPADOPOULOS & PAPPAS IN GREECE Some sound advice for Spiro.

lifetime habit of cultivating the powerful, Now a cherub-faced, grandfatherly figure of 69, he has become a power himself —though not always quite so potent as he likes to let on. He says: "Spiro followed my advice and switched from Rockefeller to Nixon." The largest U.S. frims seek his and before doing business frims seek his and before doing business that the second of the se

Lunch in the Warehouse. The son of poor immigrants named Papadopoulos, young Tom started out in the grimy Greek-Italian North End of Boston. There he shortened his name, finished high school and expanded his father's groeery into a chain of 30 stores, which

he sold in the early 1950s to get capital for investment in many other business ventures. Today he owns a foodimporting company and a real estate firm in Boston, in addition to Atlantic Maritime Enterprises Co., which operates ten oil tankers that fly the Greek

and Liberian flags. Pappas has built all this partly on his knack for becoming well known to leaders in politics, business and organized religion-and his ability to use one contact to reinforce another, For years in Boston, many of the city's big men gathered at the daily luncheons of the "Pappas boys," Tom and his brother John, in the dining room of their food warehouse. The brothers became important back-roomers in city and state affairs. John worked the Democratic side and was rewarded with an associate district judgeship; Tom earned some personal 10Us as a fund raiser for the G.O.P., got on the party's national finance committee and was a frequent guest at President Eisenhower's White House stag dinners. There he befriended then Vice President Richard Nixon. He also became influential in the Greek Orthodox Church.

Just the Man, His links to Washington impressed some American industrialists and Greek politicians. Pappas decided that he was just the man to bring the two groups together and attract U.S. capital to his native land. He even compiled a list of Greek politicians and other leaders and for years sent them cards at Christmas and on their saints' days. After a few small business deals in Greece taught him how to cut through Athens' labyrinthine bureaucracy, his biggest coup came in 1962, when Standard Oil (N.J.) went into partnership with him. The Greek government sought bids for an oil refinery, but Pappas and Esso beat out Aristotle Onassis and 14 other competitors by proposing a pack age deal that called for construction of a huge industrial complex, including a steel mill, near Salonika, Pappas knew that almost every developing country yearns for a steel mill, and that the offer of it would titillate Greek pride The deal produced a unique group of four companies, including the refinery, named Esso Pappas. The only man in the world who has his name right next to Esso's title-on stationery and at gas stations across Greece-is Tom Pappas. Esso Pappas forms the major part of a \$190 million complex that also includes a \$15 million petrochemical plant run by Ethyl Corp., a fertilizer plant and a steel mill in which Republic Steel has a 15% share. Altogether, there are seven companies, which last year had \$111 million in sales. Pappas is chairman of three of the seven, but probably the most lucrative part of all is his contract to transport oil for the refinery in his own tanker fleet.

Now Pappas is in the midst of launching new Greek projects worth more than \$75 million, including vegetable canning and Coca-Cola bottling plants.

Last week Pappas and Chicago's Ar-





# "No-paint" Weathering Steel saves taxpayers' money

No, that isn't brown paint covering the steel bridges vou see above.

That's the natural look of Weathering Steel. Handsome, isn't it?

It's also very economical.

Weathering Steel, when left exposed, forms its own weather-resistant coating-a layer of iron oxide about as thick as a coat of paint.

The longer it weathers, the richer in tone and texture its deep-brown oxide coating

becomes. And what a remarkable coating it is.

Closely grained. Hard. Tightly adherent. And self-healing.

Since Weathering Steel bridges need not be painted-or repainted-your tax dollars go further.

As a driver, you'll like this bonus: no delays or safety hazards due to closing traffic lanes for painting Weathering Steel bridges.

Weathering Steel is one of many fruits of continuing research by Bethlehem to develop new steels and new ways to use steel.

BETHLEHEM STEEL



mour and Co. jointly proposed to the government an ambitious cattle-raising venture that would eventually make Greece self-sufficient in meat. He aims to import 75,000 head of cattle and set up plants for processing meat and producing powdered milk, butter and cheese.

For the past six years, Pappas has lived in Greece, visiting the U.S. for holidays and Republican campaigns. His only son Charles, 33, is an investment broker in Boston. In Athens, Tom Pappas plots his moves in an office overlooking Athens' Constitution Square. Athenians commonly believe the many legends about him-that he told his friend "Dick" to pick Agnew, that he is the CIA chief in Greece. As he moves through the streets of Athens, perpetually patting children's heads and squeezing hands, people often stop him to ask favors, like securing the release of political prisoners. Pappas helps when he can, which is often. He still invests much of his time being useful to people. Ultimately, many of them also seem to be useful to him.

### TAXES

## TAXI

A Quarrel That Endangers Trade
A year ago, in the happy afterglow
of the Kennedy Round of tariff reductions, a trade war between the U.S.
and Europe would have seemed like a
wholly improbable nightmare. Not any
more. A tax scheme, originated by
France and rapidly spreading throughout
the Common Market and Scandinavia,
has started an increasingly bitter skirmish between the U.S. and its European trading partners. Officials have expean trading partners. Officials have conterreprisals, and no solution is anywhere
in sight.

At issue are Europe's so-called valueadded taxes, or VAT, a complex substitute for sales and excise taxes, Washington contends that VAT penalizes American exports and gives a substantial price advantage to many European goods shipped into the U.S. Concern has heightened since the U.S. foreign trade surplus shrank from almost \$8 billion in 1964 to \$726 million in 1968.

America's Burden, Under the VAT system, companies at each stage of manufacture add a standard percentage of tax-11% in West Germany, 12.5% in Denmark-to the difference between what they paid for the materials and the price at which their products are sold. Consumers ultimately pay the entire levy as part of the price of almost everything they buy. In Paris, used car dealers drove through town last week in protest against the new 25% VAT "luxury" rate on their cars. In Amsterdam, a restaurant owner, cooks and waiters recently staged a mock funeral procession to "bury Amsterdam's entertainment. hurt by an extra 12% on restaurant bills

What worries Washington is that value-added taxes are refunded on exports



AMSTERDAM RESTAURANT WORKERS' "FUNERAL" PROTESTING VALUE-ADDED LEVY
Between VAT and GATT,

and imposed as special border taxes on U.S. products entering European countries. That tends to add 6% to 23% to the prices of U.S. goods above and beyond import duties. VAT is sanctioned by the 21/year-old General Agreement U.S. subscribes. Under GATT rules, the U.S. can neither match such export subsidies nor raise similar import barriers because it relies chiefly on other forms of taxation. Except for excise taxes on —the U.S. has no value-added taxes.

Although France adopted the valueadded tax in 1954, the U.S. grew seriously concerned only after the entire Common Market decided to copy it. When Germany made the switch to VAT last year, one immediate effect was a 2% drop in the export price of steel, machinery and other goods. The Nethilar results. Denmark and Sweden have joined the rush; Norway, Belgium and Italy will do so next Ian. 1, and Britain is considering VAT.

Europe's Advantage. The U.S.'s Committee for Economic Development. a group of top executives, argues that VAT should be considered as a partial replacement for corporate income taxes. Congress so far shows no inclination to consider such fundamental changes. In Geneva, American negotiators have been pushing for a sensible change in GATT rules to allow U.S. companies to receive export rebates based on corporate income taxes and other "direct" taxes. In his final economic message, President Johnson asked for Europe's help in revising the rules "so that they no longer give a special advantage" to Europe.

Unless European countries agree to bend the GATT regulations, the chances are growing that Congress will turn to protectionist measures of its own, even at the risk of violating the GATT treaty or causing retaliation abroad. Last week President Nixon said he took "a dim view of this tendency to move toward quotas," but added that there was a "special problem" in textiles. Recently, the U.S. pressured Japan and European countries to impose "voluntary" limits on their steel shipments to the U.S., and Chairman Wilbur Mills of the taxwriting House Ways and Means Committee called for similar barriers to textile imports. Speaking of textiles, Mills warned: "Before our Government will allow this industry to be destroyed, it will consider whatever limitations are required to preserve it."

The stage has been set for a still more dangerous quarrel between the Atlantic partners. Plainly, it will require restraint on both sides to avoid a flare-up that could undo much of the world's great postwar advance toward freer trade.

# TRANSPORTATION

# New Scenery for the ICC

The Interstate Commerce Commission deserves every one of its superlatives; it is the oldest and largest of the federal regulatory agencies—and the most ineffective. Overseeing some 18,000 companies involved in transport by truck, rail, waterway and pipeline, the ICC regulates industries that account for 20% of the gross national product. But over an 82-year history, its guiding clotted with 200 amendments that run for 425 pages. Johnson Administration economists, testifying in Senate bearings last summer, argued that the ICC was



"PEACHES" BROWN AT WORK Frustratingly fuzzy charter.

fated to be "a dead hand on industry" and ought to be abolished. Another criticism came last month from the Department of Transportation, which, in a study of rail-merger patterns, scolded the commission for paying scant attention to broad economic questions and for rubber-stamping in "a rather random manner" individual mergers as they

come along Little Chance, Now the beleaguered agency has a new chief, the first wom-

an ever to boss a U.S. regulatory commission. She is Virginia Mae Brown, 45. a lively brunette and loval Democrat who was appointed to the elevenmember commission in 1964 by Lyndon Johnson. Having succeeded to the ICC's annually rotating chairmanship this year, she leads a staff of 1,784 that processes about 6,000 cases a year. "Peaches" Brown, as the ICC's \$29,500a-vear chairman is known, also manages to take care of two children and make frequent trips home to the 700-acre Pliny, W. Va., estate that was deeded to her family in the 18th century by George Washington. No one questions her familiarity with rules and regulations. A banker's daughter, she is the wife of a Charleston and Washington attorney and a lawyer herself. In West Virginia, she was the first woman to serve as assistant attorney general and later as state insurance commissioner.

Can Peaches overhaul the ICC? There is little chance of that. For one thing, the ICC is the only federal agency whose chairmanship is not filled by a longterm White House appointee. Moreover, Peaches is no activist, except for her spirited championing of money-losing railpassenger service on the grounds that the public convenience cannot be hamstrung by the tyranny of figures." She and the ICC are hamstrung by a frustratingly fuzzy legal charter that authorizes the agency to prescribe rates, regulate routes and oversee mergers, but prevents it from using individual cases as precedents that could establish overall transportation policy. As for the ICC's many critics, the chairman can only say that "I don't oppose some of their ideas, but I can't do anything about them." She does, however, improve the scenery.

# WALL STREET

The Masters of Zig and Zag "When I first started, nobody listened," says Kenneth Ward, senior vice president of Hayden, Stone & Co., a Manhattan-based brokerage house. That was 37 years ago, when Ward was one of a hardy but much heckled band of analysts who presumed to forecast stock prices merely by reading lines on charts. Ward can hardly complain of the following that has since been won by Wall Street's chart-oriented technicians. Practically every house and mutual fund has one or more chartists in its research department, and thousands of individual subscribers pay anywhere from \$150 to \$500 a year for the scores of weekly market advisories that they prepare. "Today," says Ward, "everybody listens."

Swinging with the Smart. The technicians practice Wall Street's most arcane-some are unkind enough to say inane-art. In deciding whether to buy or sell a stock, the purists among them profess to care less about such fundamentals as a company's assets, its earnings, its management or even what it does. Instead, the chartists divine the future of a stock by poring over a display of its past performance. The zigs and zags may ignore the fundamental "facts," but more important, technicians argue, the charts reflect what the market knows (or thinks it knows) about a company. One reason the chartists can be right: corporate insiders learn in advance about their company's earnings or new products and sometimes trade on that information in the market before the news gets around.

The charts first appeared more than 80 years ago, when investors found that they could often trace-and turn a profit from-the operations of stock-market manipulators by keeping running graphs on the price and volume of trading in individual stocks. Today's chartists have created considerable bafflegab, but they have also devised some simple patterns by which to follow the swings of the smart money (see chart) and watch for new patterns. Among the com-

mon signs of change · A ROUNDING BOTTOM indicates that after a long decline, sellers have finally sold out. The field is now being taken over by buyers, who may erase some or all of the slide or even take the stock all the way to a rounding top. Currently, some chartists say that airline stocks are in a rounding bottom.

· UPSIDE BREAKOUT FROM A BOX tells technicians that a long stalemate between buyers and sellers, which has kept the stock's price in a constricted area, has ended with the shattering of the "topside resistance" line and a victory for buyers.

· A HEAD AND SHOULDERS REVERSAL is a pattern that signals a nasty downturn. If the right shoulder rises higher than the head, chartists say that investors should hold on. If it does not pass the high, chartists advise them to sell or risk a plunge below the neckline.

Chartists use all sorts of other indexes to measure general market conditions. The "confidence index," for one, is based on sales of low-grade bonds, and assumes that bond buyers are extremely sophisticated investors. If bond buyers purchase the riskier bonds, so goes the rationale, just about anything will go up. Manhattan Technician William X. Scheinman takes in \$150,000 a year in subscriptions to a weekly report based on his "divergence analysis" principle. One of its indicators is the recommendations of a group of 70 market advisory services, which Scheinman has found to be "always wrong as a

SIGNAL



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LENNOX PLANNED SERVICE

group at key turning points. When they reached a peak of pessimism last March, the market started to go up."

Do such signals really work? The technicians flashed the 1962 market break well in advance when the Dow-Jones industrial average went into a downturn; they reasoned that, since business was basically healthy, the decline could only have reflected a weakness in market psychology. In 1966, technicians foresaw the drop in General Motors stock long before auto sales actually began to slump. On the other hand, skeptics say, the technicians rarely agree about which market squiggles are really "significant." When they are in agreement, their forecasts of rises or declines in individual stocks can be self-fulfilling prophecies. Some Wall Street traditionalists fear

# BANKING

# Outdoing Bonnie and Clyde The fastest-growing major crime in

the U.S. is not murder, rape or mayhem. It is bank robbery, an increasing frustration for the nation's moneymen. The problem extends from Washington, D.C., where a bank 100 yards from the White House grounds was looted last December, to North Hollywood, Calif., where one bank was recently hit twice in the same day. Last year U.S. banks reported 1,840 robberies, four times the number in 1960. The average bank robber is a lone anateur in his mid-80ber is a lone anateur in his mid-80ber has been been been been been been and the second of being arrested later are "great."

Last July, President Johnson signed

if they do, today's bank robbers are far more sophisticated than Bonnie and Clyde, Although retired Boston Bank Robber Teddy Green cheerfully calls cameras "the best weapons the banks have," bankers complain that robbers are too often disguised with ski masks. wigs, dark glasses or turned-up turtleneck sweaters. Officers are also loath to adopt extreme precautions. One that has done so is Washington's aptly named Security Bank. After three robberies at one branch in 55 days last summer, Security decided to lock the front door permanently. Customers enter through a rear door, and tellers work behind tall panes of Plexiglas.

Despite all precautions, bankers belies that their institutions will remain a favorite robbery target because they can be relatively easy and safe to hold up. In Washington, one stick-up man admitted that he switched to robbing banks because holding up liquor stores "got to be too dangerous."



Five leading drugmakers swallowed a bitter pill last week. In a surprise move, they offered to pay \$1.20 million to settle treble-damage claims against them for allegedly rigging the price of a widely used antibiotic, tetracycline. While proposed the control of the control of

In 1967, a federal jury convicted Cyanamid, Pfizer and Bristol-Myers of plotting to fix the price of tetracyclineand the companies are still appealing the verdict. Upjohn and Squibb were named co-conspirators but not defendants. Encouraged by the verdict, 39 states, ten cities and counties, 15 private hospitals and 17 miscellaneous groups claimed damages for overcharges on the drug, which has been sold since 1953. Sales amounted to well over \$100 million annually. The Justice Department charged that the capsules cost an average 1.6¢ to produce, but sold for as much as 51¢. Whatever the merits of the damage claims, the companies wanted to avoid long and costly court fights, and so proposed the settlement.

The main beneficiaries would be state and municipal hospitals and welfare agencies, which could collect about \$60 million. Another \$20 million would go to competing antibiotic makers, private hospitals and other claimants. For the first time in an antitrust settlement, individual customers could also collectif they can prove their purchases between 1953 and 1966 by presenting prescriptions and sales slips to state agencies. Most likely, few would be able to do so, and the agencies would thus keep most of the funds. Drug executives warned, however, that unless practically all of the 81 claimants accept their share of the \$120 million by March 7. the deal is off.



HIDDEN CAMERA SHOT OF BANK HOLDUP IN WASHINGTON, D.C. (AUGUST 1968)

Instant replay.

the day when technicians all look up from their charts to flash a unanimous SELL signal. Right now, chartists are cautious; many think the market has already reached the bottom of the decline started in December, but few expect any great rally soon.

Not by Grophs Alone. In practice, the successful charitists are eclectic as well as eccentric; they study the companies and the economic appearance of the economic appearance of the economic appearance of McDonnell & Co. rises at 4:30 am to got over his charts, speaks his day in a dimly lit, chart-lined office work-running across the tops, a built-in Telequote muchine and a radio tuned to an all-news station. Within easy reach are reports on 1,300 companies that he followed the commendations have made money.

Of course, few investors would be will-ing to put down hard cash on the strength of graphs alone. By itself, says Wolfe & Co. Technician John Schulz, Wolfe & Co. Technician John Schulz, "pattern analysis is strictly for illiterates." But charts can be useful as one factor in analysis because they show the beb and flow of investor interest—a volatile variable that does not always follow the rise and fall of business.

the Bank Protection Act, which requires federally insured financial institutions to take at least minimal precautions. The first regulation goes into effect this week, when banks must appoint security officers or risk \$100-4-aly fines. By 1970, banks must support selens with marked "bair money, keep eash on hand to a "reasonable minimum," and looks on exterior doors and windows. Banks are also urged to install cameras that take thieves pictures.

The act promises to increase the already brisk sales of bank protection devices. At least 25 major companies mass werellance camers and recorders that give instant replays. Noting that financial institutions have used similar devices and procedures for years, bankers question whether the federal act will reduce robbeties. It's like legislating vice president at California's 380-branch Security Pacific National Bank, which suffered 53 tick-top last year.

Masked Men. Decals on doors warning of cameras are ineffective, says Ronald A. Swanson, vice president of California's First Western Bank and Trust Co., because "amateurs just don't know enough to recognize a deterrent." Even



The Band of the 1st Battalion of the Welch Regiment plays outside Caerphilly Castle.

# Come and see Prince Charles' heritage-the ancient principality of Wales-when you visit Britain this year

"Thou most renowned Wales, thou famous ancient place, Which still hast been the Nurse of all the British race."

An English poet, Michael Drayton, wrote these lines during the reign of the first Elizabeth. In July this year, the second Elizabeth gives her son to Wales, when he is invested as Prince of Wales at

Caernarvon, like Caerphilly, Conway, Beaumaris, Harlech, is one of an incom-parable series of medieval fortresses, built the green valleys of the Welsh landscape.

In many ways, Wales is still a remote country. There are few big towns, so the best way to see it is to hire a car (cost for a fortnight about \$115, add about \$25 per 1,000 miles for gas). Stay in tiny mountain and seaside villages, or in a country house, hotel or castle. One of them, feasts in the banqueting hall each evening by candlelight. It costs only \$6, including all the mead you can drink

If you're setting out from London, drive via Bath, a Regency town which hasn't changed since the early 18th century. Or take the route through Oxford and the Cotswolds, and see some of the prettiest country in England.

Britain is good value – four countries for the price of one: Wales, England, Northern Ireland and Scotland



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# Now, the muscle in the mushroom can turn deserts into wheatfields, light the world, feed it, and fuel it!

(The steels are ready whenever you are)

Man's most horrendous creation is being transformed from slaughterer into servant.

Already, nuclear power is supplementing traditional means of generating electricity for electric-utility companies. The huge quantities of heat released can be put to work to desalt sea water. Resulting freat water could make the arid regions of the earth bloom into fertile fields to help feed a hunger-haunted world.

Now comes Project Gasbuggy, the Atomic Energy Commission's first experimental project in underground engineering. Gasbuggy used nuclear explosives to free natural gas from tight rock formations that would otherwise have held billions of cubic feet of fuel captive forever.

In other activities, nuclear engi-

neers are working to release oil from shale, and to gouge out giant excavations for canals and harbors with nuclear explosions.

Clearly, nuclear energy is on its way to becoming a major industrial tool. Scores of American companies are intensively engaged in improving and broadening the use of nuclear power for the benefit of mankind.

With this comes a new axiom: Where nuclear energy goes, there goes steel — housing it, channeling it, controlling it. The tough, rugged steels needed in the future are ready now, because Republic Steel has anticipated future needs for the new and improved steels that will serve mankind in harness with nuclear power.

Republic, for example, has a new

high strength steel originally developed to withstand the high external pressures found deep in the ocean. By test, this new steel has been found to be equally dependable in containing the terrific internal pressures built up in nuclear reactor vessels.

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REPUBLIC STEEL



# An Ivory Tower

# with its Feet on the Ground

Pardon us for mixing metaphors, but we did want to make a point about Berry College.

This accredited, four-year liberal arts college has a beautiful campus adjoining Rome, Georgia. Yet extending from the other side of the campus are 30,000 acres of college-owned mountains, lakes, streams, fields and forests.

The fine facilities serve a select student body. At Berry the environment is conducive to serious study. So too is the hard-as-nails academic program.

It's no snap to get a Berry degree. But then a Berry degree is honored at face value by business, industry, government, theology and education.

A campus with elbow room, seriousminded students, a qualified faculty and a sound academic program make Berry seem like an "Ivory Tower."

Look again.

Since its founding as an independent college, Berry has recognized that formulation of practical ground rules for living is as important as textbook knowledge.

The young men and women learn to apply their knowledge, develop a strong moral code and respect the value of useful work. It's a feet-on-the-ground schedule that encounters

modern life and encourages full development of mind and personality.

For example: Every Berry student has the opportunity to work at a job—ranging from campus dining halls to positions with businesses and spaceage laboratories. While the wages may help, the value lies in learning to appreciate a job well done.

Take another example: Berry is interdenominational. Chaplains further understanding and ethical convictions. So sound is this program that it draws students of many persuasions, from here and abroad

Other examples attest to Berry's program. There is community involvement, by students and faculty. Students engage in competitive sports, enjoy the arts, sharpen social skills. But why dwell on many "extracurricular" activities? Some other colleges offer them too.

Back to our original point. Berry offers a noteworthy ivory tower education while it carefully tempers the atmosphere with diversified feet-onthe-ground opportunities for the individual to develop responsibility.

This experience is available to only about 1,500 students. Potential contributors to Berry's future—and students who can measure up to Berry's challenge—are invited to write or visit for further information.

POSTAL ADDRESS:

President, Berry College, Mount Berry, Georgia 30149

**Berry College** 

# CINEMA

# NEW MOVIES

### Abe Lincoln in New Mexico

The wild Apaches have taken to the hills, and after them clops the cavalry including a bony scout named Sam Varner (Gregory Peck). In the ensuing roundup, one face is out of place: a face of the control of the contro

Such situations were once the end of Westerns: in The Stalking Moon it is only the beginning. Sarah's "husband' is Salvaje (Nathaniel Narcisco), a murderous Apache with a memory as long as his rifle. As the troop moves West, Salvaje follows like a red plague, killing everything—including horses and dogs—

in his path.

Sam and Sarah await the inevitable, "You won't hear him. He jist comes," "You won't hear him. He jist comes," warns Sarah, "I'll hear him," 'Varner insists. But he never does. Salvaje pieks off the ranch's hired hands one by one. Varner at last realizes that the only way around fate is through it and goes out into the woods to confront his pursuer. The stalker becomes the stalked, the suspense winds as taut as a leather thong, and the violent conclusion is as in-evitable as moonset and death.

Aiming for the classic genre, Director Robert Mulligan occasionally misfires. But he is saved, somewhat surprisingly, by Peck, who is in private life an avid collector of Lincoln memorabilia. With flashes of ironic humor and his customary rigid dignity, he escapes the



SAINT & CLAY IN "MOON"
Pity and a pinch,

boundaries of the role and gives it an honest, Abe-like stature. The rest of the cast is resolutely unglamorous; even Saint has the hollow eyes and concave face of a woman who has been out on the plains too long.

Mulligan's greatest strengths are, in fact, in his honset exploitation of the in-glorious West. The stagecoach is a jerry-built, rickety job: the dust storms saturate the sky until there is no room to reduce men to infinite specks. In perhaps the most daring reversal of stereotypes, Mulligan has cast an actual Apache boy (Noland Clay) as Salvaje's on, Clay, II, offers in Hollywood charm, on cloying cutteness, not even the stage of the stage of

# Campus Cutups of 1969

"See that guy over there?" whispers one frat man to another. "He scored 50 times before he was a sophomore." The object of this muted envy is an undergraduate operator named Paxton Quiggraduate operator named Paxton Quiggraduate operator and paxton Quiggraduate operator and paxton Quiggraduate operator and paxton Quiggraduate on the paxton Quiggraduate on the paxton of the paxt

Putting a cursory make on a lovely blonde English major named Tobey (Yvette Mimieux), Quigley (Christopher Jones) finds a pleasant way to spend his summer vacation. When the fall term arrives, however, his libido is once again diverted. While still dating Tobey, Quigley also beds a beautiful black fox named Eulice (Judy Pace). Commuting on his Yamaha between Tobey and Eulice, he meets Jan (Maggie Thrett), a freaked-out flower child who tempts him with "magic brownies" and wins his heart by asking, "Do you think it's possible to be Jewish and psychedelic at the same time?

Sleavy Charm. Tobey, of course, discovers Quigley's triplicity and decides to punish him with overindulgence. The three girls imprison Quigley in the attic three girls imprison Quigley in the attic one every hour. After endless days of lovemaking, with only an occasional rare steak or cup of yogurt to keep up his energy. Paxton is finally sprung from the attic and manages to tell Tobey what

If there is little subtlety in the plot, there is even less in its telling. Yet dt-tle's unabashed vulgarity has a certain sleazy charm, and Producer-Director Richard Wilson manages an occasional telling glimps of current campus life styles. The abilities of the Misses Pace and Thrett are less apparent when they open their mouths than when they take off their clothes, but Jones and Mi-



JONES & MIMIEUX IN "ATTIC" Course in concupiscence.

mieux actually manage to bring an air of wounded innocence to their roles. Jones has an unhappy tendency to recite many of his lines with a kind of Method fidget, but he could yet become one of the better young actors in Hollywood. As Tobey, Yvette Mimieux uses her doeeved vulnerability to maximum effect. Her fragile beauty could reduce any ethics professor to acute schizophrenia and radicalize the entire student body of Southern Methodist University.

# False Alarm

Facts are no substitute for reality. No matter how skilled, the photographer never reaches the revelations of the great painter-and the documentaryfilm maker never touches the plane of pure fiction. In his first feature film, The Song and the Silence, director-writer-photographer Nathan Cohen tries to re-create the world of Polish Jewry just before the Nazi holocaust of 1939. To summon up the past, he meticulously compiles scene after scene of scholars poring over the Talmud, women dancing the hora, rabbis lecturing-and finally, Germans plundering. At almost every turn, Cohen, a television news cameraman, betrays his background. Amateur performances only serve as bridges between static reconstructions: when there is action, it is the characters who are moved, not the audience.

Despite its incalculable tragic dimensions, the drama of the European Jew remains clusive to all but a handful of films—notably The Shop on Main Street and The Fixer. By being frankly fictional, both films create their own transcendent reality, By trying to be real, The Song and the Stience sings we have to change truth a little in order to remember it.

93

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Our newly acquired Budget Rent-A-Car operates on

much the same philosophy: fast service at low cost.

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# BOOKS

# A Past Too Terrible To Be Buried

THE 900 DAYS: The Siege of Leningrad by Harrison E. Salisbury. 635 pages. Harper & Row., \$10.

On Aug. 30, 1941, a powerful Nazi army captured the obscure Russian town of Mga, a railhead east of the Baltic. The Nazis thereby severed the last overland link between Leningrad and the rest of the Soviet Union, clamping an iron ring of men, armor and artillery around the beautiful city first raised by Peter the Great. Thus began the most murderous siege in modern history.

Beside Leningrad, the celebrated

Both the enormity of the task and the event described occasionally seem too much for him, especially when he pelts the reader with chunks of indigestible statistics—apparently for other reason than that they were availtime in scene setting. It isn't until page 307, for example, that he finally announces, "The nine hundred days were beginning."

Salisbury obviously loves Leningrad and its people. Much of the background that he feels called upon to paint in deals with the city's illustrious history as St. Petersburg (Russia's capital until the honor was ceded to Moscow in 1918) and its cosmonolitan, cultural efreason, Stalin had rejected overwhelm, ing evidence that the Nazis were preparing an attack; not even the movement of 4.200,000 troops to Russia's benders convinced him. As a result, benders convinced him. As a result, and the stale of the

Metallic Ring. When the blockade began, scant food reserves were swiftly consumed. Luftwaffe raids on warehouses sent tons of sugar, meat and flour



A result of Stalin's villainy . . .

sieges of modern times are dwarfed: the 121-day blockade of Paris during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, in which 30,000 perished; even the more famous six-month German onslaught at Stalingrad, where almost half a million Stalingrad, where almost half a million population of about 3,000,000, some 1,500,000 men, women and children died —of starvation or under the unremitting rain of Nazi shells and bombs, which

continued for 2) years. Memory Hole, Superingly, little but Memory Hole, Superinging Hirachy. Many of the Russian records, according to Harrison Salisbury, an assistant managing editor of the New York Times, were destroyed or suppressed by Staven of contexts which was been superinged by Staven of contexts. Supering Hole of the Staven of the Hole of t

fervescence, which stirred not only Adolf Hitler's ire but the enduring suspicions of a venophobic Georgian peasant, Joseph Stalin. The Paris of the Baltic, the city of Pushkin and Dostoevsky, Lenigrad stood, in Salisbury's words, as "the invisible barrier between the enduring the state of the property of the propert

For a time, Hitler openly savored the prospect of humilating Russis by re-viewing his triumphant soldiers from a stand in Leningrad's Palace Square. But three months after the invasion of Russis began and the prospects of quickly grew angay. The German high command declared: "The Führer has decided to raze the city of Petersburg from the face of the earth."

The Führer came perilously close to carrying out that objective. Beyond all



APARTMENTS GUTTED BY GERMAN GUNS
. . . and Hitler's madness.

up in smoke. Rations were cut again and again, finally falling to half a pound of bread per day for workers and only two slices (about 150 calories) for children. Citizens grew accustomed to eating library paste, boiled leather, and bread baked with cottonseed cake, even sawdust and cellulose. Cats and dogs swiftly disappeared. Any stray horse was likely to be set upon and butchered on the hoof by starving citizens. In the final stages of the famine, parents kept a close eve on their children lest they be kidnaped; the "meat patties" that were sold in the Haymarket, Leningrad's slum quarter, sometimes contained human flesh, Salisbury describes how Red Army soldiers, after gunning down two suspected cannibals, found the bocks of five human beings hanging from hooks in their apartment. The winter of 1941-42 was one of

the coldest ever endured. Temperatures averaged 4° below zero in January. Peo-

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ple died in their apartments, and weakneed relatives left them wherever they were—in a bed, at a table, in a charnear a cold stove. Men and women dropped in the state of the cold of the dropped in the state of the cold of the bodies lay untouched for weeks. When they were finally hoisted onto trucks, one observer recalls, they were so frozen that "they gave a metallic ring." The silence of the city was broken in winter, by the squeak of children's sleeb bearing corpose to cemetrein's

"Hell Machine," For a time, Stalin thought of abandoning the city. Then, rather than let the Germans occupy it whole, he ordered that Leningrad's giant Kirov works, its railroad viaducts, its bridges, its ports, and all its historic buildings be mined for pushbutton destruction. But the button on what Leningraders referred to as Stalin's "hell machine" was never pushed. Nazi troops were drained off to other fronts, and enough Red Army units and citizen volunteers remained to keep the besiegers out. The Germans settled in, hoping to starve and shell the city to death. That they did not succeed, as logic suggested they would, was due largely to Leningrad's astonishing capacity to take punishment.

It was also due to expedients like "the Road of Life" across Lake Ladogas. Frozen solid in winter, it supported occasional food trucks and even the great 60-ton KV tanks that eventually began to roll in to the city's defense. At the end of 1943, the Russian buffup—some 1,200,000 men—was big enough for a successful counteroffensive. On Jan. 27, 1944, the siege was lifted.

Tolstoy saw men and battles as unwitting pawns used in an inscrutable game played by history. Modest and matter-of-fact reporter Salisbury does not permit himself the luxury of such speculative indulgences. If he sees a shaping force in the tragedy of Leningrad. beyond Hitler's madness, it lies in the villainy and vanity of Joseph Stalin. For the Soviet dictator not only misjudged the course of events in 1941 and refused to arm his country adequately, he systematically falsified history and brutally suppressed the truth afterward to hide his own foolishness. Thousands of men associated with the siege years were killed or exiled in a savage, Kremlin-inspired purge that came to be known as "the Leningrad Affair." Leningrad was the last of Russia's major cities to be rebuilt, "Leningrad survived the Nazis." writes Salisbury. "Whether it would survive the Kremlin was not so clear."

the memory of Leningrad's tragic, heroic wartime stand, its citizens were not. For nearly ten years, on Stalin's orders, coats of paint covered the blue and white signs that had sprouted on the Nevsky Prospekt and other major avenues during the siege, with the warning: "Citizens: In case of shelling, this side of the street is the most danger-

If the Kremlin was anxious to bury

ous." Today, the signs have been repainted as they were. Touched up every spring, they stand as reminders of a past too terrible to be buried.

# Tales of the Craft

AFTERWORDS: NOVELISTS ON THEIR NOVELS: Edited by Thomas McCormack. 231 pages. Harper & Row. \$5.95.

When a physician enters his office, his identity is immediately ratified by the tools of Hygeia that surround him. There are also the parchments on the wall to reassure him that "Dr." is part of his name, By contrast, a novelist may have a few of his books on the shelf (unlike the physician, the writer cannot bury his mistakes), but when he goes to work he is greeted by the gaping amonymity of Balak paper. More than most work of the fine process to work he is greeted by the gaping amonymity of Balak paper. More than most work of the process to work the interest of the process to work he is greeted by the gaping amonymity of Balak paper. More than most work of the process to work the surface of the process of the proc

This lonely situation is occasionally relieved when he is asked to talk publicly about his work. If a man is what he does—and that is the American view—how satisfyingly stimulating it is to talk about one's work. The perceptive



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Sufficiently wise to the word.

vigor in much of what 14 novelists have to say for themselves in this book seems to bear out this notion.

Editor Thomas McCormack asked his contributors for a "craftsman's journal" telling how one of their books came to be written. The answers range widely in tone and intent. In discussing The Rector of Justin, Louis Auchincloss, a New York aristocrat and a practicing attorney, makes novel writing sound only slightly more difficult than drawing a will. He acknowledges the existence of problems and flounderings, but they all seem to succumb to his analytic brain. In addition, he appears to know just where he stands: "I am neither a satirist nor a cheerleader," he says with cool assurance. "I am strictly an observer." An honorable position honestly stated, it should quiet those critics who want an Auchincloss novel to be more than a well-crafted, highly polished portrait of the world he knows.

At the other extreme stands Norman Mailer, accounting for the pain and exterion that accompanied the writing and publishing of The Deer Park, His piece is another of those arresting homenade commercials for N.M., now no longer a product in search of market but a life of the product of the p

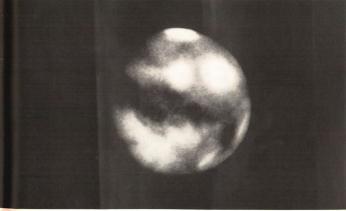
A born brawler and natural teller of war stories, Maller gives us the coordinates of the enemy—the timid, short-sighted publishers who at first shrank from the novel's excernating, charged of his anxieties and the state of his abused liver—which, if the laws of metaphor may be suspended briefly, he has worn as proudly as a Purple Heart. And Maller never lets the reader forget that he is an important and dedicated that he is an important and dedicated process as penetrating as his visions.

Creative Ecitement, Between the extremes of Auchincoss and Malier, Afterwords offers a variety of literary experiences. Wrigh Morris is vague about the moment when something that is whatever medium that is congenial to his talent," he writes of the artist, "he painlessly cracks through how things were, to how things are." Truman Capote is more succinct though no pote is more succinct though no calightening, when he records that "exovercame me."

Unable to induce a coma of any individuous circinton, suthor of The Secret of Santa Vittoria, outflanked his writing block with the aid of Dick and writing block with the aid of Dick and began his book: "There is a little town on a hill called Santa Vittoria. It is in Italy. The people in the town grow grapes and make wine." He kept it up outflash with the santa w

William Gass, a philosophy professor

# Enigma.



Mars is the planet most like our own. Yet it remains shrouded in mystery. Does life exist there? What causes the massive color changes during the Martian Spring? Do the polar caps contain water? Solving the riddles of the red planet may well lead to an understanding of how life evolved here on earth. Scientists and engineers of our Aerospace Group are now deeply involved in the planning of an exciting project with NASA. The ultimate goal: design and build an unmanned, automated spacecraft so sophisticated that it can journey 125,000,000 miles through space. Ind gently, and explore Mars. The information dispatched to earth will not only help scientists answer the Martian enigma, but cats new light not ne origins of the universe.

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at Purdue, demonstrates the difficulties involved in his experimental novel, Omensetter's Luck and asserts that it was written to not have readers." Still, he is eloquent in describing what a few great books can achieve. "They measure the emptiness of their readers, for these books completely and absolutely are. Many times I have had the experience of holding in my hand a book that was more real, more alive, more sensitive than I was."

The sentiment is likely to cause contusion among the many who like their fiction with obvious factual referents and their facts falsified by melodrama. While Afterwords will not teach anyone how to write, it may prove valuable in indicating how to read.

# Wednesday's Children

SETTING FREE THE BEARS by John Irving. 335 pages. Random House. \$5.95.

It may be a symptom of just how cosmopolitan the modern world has become. Or it may merely be talent. Whatever the cause, John Irving, a young American writer, has successfully created two European characters, set them against a European landscape, and turned them loose in what has always been a typical American literary formthe novel of youthful escape and adventure. From Huckleberry Finn to On the Road, the characters in such stories vearn for joyful freedom; their picaresque progress becomes a disapproving comment on the society they are trying to flee. Forced back into confrontation with that society-as the main characters in Irving's fine first novel are-they tend to dream up quixotic schemes for drastically revising the world they hoped to reject. In this case, the reform involves an inspired plan to liberate all the animals in Vienna's Hietzinger Zoo.

Hannes Graff and Siegfried Javonnik are Austrian students. They could just as well be undergraduates at Columbia, as well be undergraduates at Columbia. Gentral Park, At first they throb the contral Park, and the state of the part of

Pre-Womb Eristence. With this sardonically bittersevel tragedy, the book begins to shift from a comie, rather hip tale into a complex and moving novel with sharp historic resonances. The grieving Graff delves into Siggy's notebooks, which contain a somewhat fictional history of his parents and of the marks laid upon their lives by experiences during and immediately after periences during and immediately after tria. Siggy calls these notes his 'prehistory,' and his recollected stories' pseen touched by the bizarre influence of Ginter Grass. On the day in 1938 when Austria capitulates to Hiller, for example, a man whom Siggy's mother loved but did not marry creates hysteria in Vienna by running around costumed as a Habsburg eagle. Siggy's real father is a Yugoslaw who escapes on a motorcycle in 1944, during the terrible struggle between the German army, Tito's partisans, Mihailowich's Chetniks and a Croatian terrorist gane.

Memories of both men influence Siggy's desire for freedom, his somewhat antic character. Yet he feels cursed by not having lived through World War II himself. Instead, he feels, he has been consigned by history to a time in which he cannot dramatically affect the course of events or participate in them. Siggy's anger at the present, and his awareness that it is haunted by the past, are

# SETTING FREE THE BEARS



YOUTHFUL CHARACTERS ON THE ROAD
Familiar sense of futility.

reinforced in other sections of his notebooks, called "the Zoo Watch." These tell of nights spent at the zoo, where he catches the night watchman—an ex-Nazi who once tortured Jews—tormenting the animals now in his charge.

Sensitive to suffering, the author describes all immediate and sensual events with poetic grace—even such prossic occurrences as the starting of a motorcycle: "Siggy had caught it and held it; thick balls of gray were lobbed from the tailpipes, as weightless and wapp as dust kithair, so tangled that we'd later find them in the garden, strung from the forsythia like mangled pieces of wig."

John Irving studed at the University of Vienna and knows his seene. Yet his ability to make European historical anecdote live in fiction is truly remarkable in an American writer. When the great zoo bust finally comes through and some of the beasts run free, the original control of the cont





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